

THE BEST LESSONS A MAN CAN LEARN ARE FROM HIS OWN MISTAKES

The BETHEL OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

THE BETHEL NEWS, 1935

THE RUMFORD CITIZEN, 1906

Volume XLIV—Number 45

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1935

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SHORT TERM OF SUPERIOR COURT

One Jury Trial—23 Divorces
Granted—Term Adjourned Sat-
urday Noon

The November term of Superior Court adjourned Saturday afternoon after a session of five days, and with only one jury trial.

Last Thursday Orle Edmund Dow of Livermore was sentenced to serve not less than one year or more than two years at the State prison. He had pleaded nolo to a forgery indictment. Two indictments for cheating by false pretenses were filed.

William White of Dixfield, pleading nolo to cheating by false pretenses, was sentenced to the men's reformatory at Windham.

Four Rumford boys were not allowed to plead guilty to an indictment charging breaking and entering at the Hilltop Garage, Rumford, and Robert Dow was appointed their attorney. That afternoon Lucien Lapointe, 18, Philip Gallant, 16, and Philip Lapointe, 15, pleaded guilty. Lucien Lapointe was sentenced to the State School for Boys, from which he was on parole. Philip Gallant and Philip Lapointe were placed on probation, and the case against Albert Gallant, 18, was not pressed.

The grand jury reported 13 indictments and was discharged Thursday afternoon. Indictments made public were:

William White of Dixfield, cheating by false pretenses.

Anthony Sutkus of Rumford, cruelty to animals.

Fred Bucknell of Hiram, maliciously killing a domestic animal.

Florence Verrill Kluckach and Harry M. Benson of Norway, adultery.

Odilon Prevost of Rumford, receiving stolen goods.

The case of Mrs. Mildred Kimball Bennett vs. Edward C. Lapham of Albany, the result of the accidental shooting of Mrs. Bennett July 4th, was settled Wednesday. It was reported that the amount of the settlement was \$500.

Herbert L. Ames, Mexico beer parlor proprietor, charged with assault and battery on James Scott of Mexico, was found guilty by the jury and fined \$5.00 and costs.

Fred Bucknell of Hiram, pleading nolo to the charge of maliciously killing a domestic animal, was fined \$50.

Odilon Prevost of Rumford, who pleaded nolo to receiving stolen goods, was sentenced to serve 30 days in jail.

Harry Benson was fined \$50 on the charge of adultery.

Brindel O'Brien of Peru, pleading guilty to intoxication, was fined \$5.00 and costs.

Ned Purcell of Andover pleaded guilty to drunken driving. The case was continued for sentence and he was released under \$500 bail.

The case of Anthony Sutkus who pleaded not guilty to an indictment charging cruelty to animals was continued to the March term.

Decision was reserved in the case of Edward L. Cloutier vs. Hamlin L. Dyke, both of Livermore Falls, to determine whether Dyke had the right to remove a dance pavilion from the Dalley farm in Canton on which he had a chattel mortgage, after Cloutier had foreclosed a mortgage and taken possession of the property.

Twenty-three divorces were granted:

Lester E. Coolidge, Bethel, from Lucy R. Coolidge, Canton, cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of one child granted to mother.

Wesley Kluckach, Woodstock, from Florence V. Kluckach, Norway, desertion.

Willis S. Carver from Wesley H. Carver, both of Mexico, cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of one child granted to mother.

—Continued on Page Eight

PRICES ANNOUNCED FOR HURRICANE TIMBER

"The decks are cleared for hurricane thrown logs," said E. W. Tinker, Assistant Chief of the United States Forest Service, in charge of the New England Forest Emergency Work, in an interview this week.

"We have already stated that logs, meeting our specifications, would be bought by the federal government," Mr. Tinker continued. "I am now pleased to be in a position to announce the prices for which I know everyone has been waiting."

"All logs will be bought on three grades, and payment for them will be made up to 80% of the posted prices."

Northern white pine, thrown by the hurricane, will be bought on the basis of \$18.00 per thousand feet of number one logs, \$14.00 per thousand feet for number two logs, and \$12.00 per thousand feet for number three logs.

Northern hardwoods and pulpwood prices will be announced later.

"Although we have tried to keep our log grades as simple as possible," continued Mr. Tinker, "they are too complicated to attempt to discuss in any interview. Our log grading rules are being distributed to the field at once, and can be procured from the town salvage committees, which have been set up. State Foresters, Extension Foresters, County Agents, and our State Project Directors."

HELD FOR FORGERY

John Mallory of Bethel or this vicinity pleaded guilty to forgery before Judge Shaw in Norway Municipal Court Tuesday and was held for the March term of grand jury. He was unable to furnish \$1000 bail. Deputy Sheriff Frank Hunt was the complainant.

STATE CAMPAIGN TO INVITE INDUSTRY

An advertising campaign designed to attract new industries to the state will be launched here this week, Maine Development Commission officials announced.

The inception of the industrial drive will culminate the Commission's long-term program to advise Maine recreation, agriculture and industry, it was said.

Recreational advertising was started in 1927 followed by agricultural and seafood products in 1935.

Commission officials have termed both campaigns "highly successful."

The industrial campaign will invite industries that are "startling, moving, expanding or decentralizing" to locate in Maine.

Maine industrial assets to be exploited will include friendly labor, economical electrical energy, railroad facilities fast trucking service, coastwise shipping facilities, foreign shipping facilities, low rentals and abundant pure water.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mrs. D. Grover Brooks was pleasantly surprised Friday evening when a group of friends gave her a surprise party at her home. The group met at the home of Mrs. F. L. Edwards and went to Mrs. Brooks' home, where they greeted her by singing "Happy Birthday."

The gifts were presented in a basket decorated in pink and white. Pinch was played with Mrs. H. I. Bean winning first prize and Mrs. Harry Brooks the consolation prize. Refreshments including a birthday cake made by Mrs. Harry Jordan and ice cream were served. Those present were Mrs. W. B. Twaddle, Mrs. Harry Austin, Mrs. H. I. Bean, Mrs. Harry Brooks, Mrs. Harry Jordan, Mrs. Leslie Davis, Miss Ida Packard, Miss Beatrice Brown, Miss Ruby Jodrey and the honor guest.

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Alanson Tyler is ill at his home. Bethel stores will be closed tomorrow, Armistice Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gill spent the week-end in Lisbon.

Mrs. J. H. Glover of Oxford was in town on business last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Bailey were in Auburn Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lisherness of Rangeley were visitors in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Bailey of South Paris were in town Tuesday evening.

Miss Mildred Vail has gone to Cambridge, Mass., where she has employment.

The public schools will be closed Friday, Nov. 11, in observance of Armistice Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Russ were guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Lapham Sunday.

Miss Josephine Thurston has employment in the Mt. Madison House at Gorham, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray York have closed the Pine Tree Restaurant for the winter months.

Mrs. F. P. Flint has returned to her home here after spending the summer at Wilson's Mills.

Mrs. Addie Farwell is spending the week in Andover with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stearns and family.

Paul and Robert Browne of Orono were week-end guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Browne.

Miss Carrie M. Wight attended the Superintendents' Conference at Gorham Normal School Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Taylor of Mechanic Falls were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Hanscom Sunday.

Mrs. Nathan French of Milan, N. H., spent a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Clayton Fossett, last week.

Peggy Hanscom sprained her ankle badly last week and was unable to attend school for several days.

—Continued on Page Five

ENGAGEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Vail announce the engagement of their daughter, Eleanor Frances, to Harry E. Parsons, son of Mrs. Ula Parsons of Bethel.

Miss Vail was born in Portland, but came to Bethel where she received her education, graduating from Gould Academy in the class of 1937.

Mr. Parsons also attended Gould Academy, graduating in the class of 1927. He is employed by the New England Tel. & Tel. Co. at Farmington.

No date has been set for the wedding.

CHADBOURNE MILL MOVING TO SOUTH BETHEL

The Frank Brooks place at South Bethel has been bought recently by P. H. Chadbourne & Co., and their saw mill will be moved to this location. For several days a crew has been at work on the new site which is located on the south side of the railroad. For the past two years the Chadbourne mill has been set up on the Songo Road, near the line of the Village Corporation, and here a large amount of lumber has been manufactured.

FIREMEN'S BALL

Sponsored by Bethel Engine Co.

No. 1

SONGO LAKE PAVILION
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 16

Music by Lord's Orchestra

Prizes
Admission 35c

STATEMENT BY THE GOVERNOR —BOOK WEEK

Maine will join with other states in the Union this year during the period of November 13-19 in common observance of Book Week. It is a period intended to inspire all in the reading of books as a medium of education and a means of keeping abreast of the rapid changes occurring daily in our economic life.

The school system of our state and our libraries, generously placed, offer every inducement to enlarge upon our practical knowledge and improve our efficiency in whatever field our endeavors are concentrated.

As parents we should inculcate in our younger people the important part that books play in our day to day search for education—their value in the libraries of our homes, and their true worth in imparting wisdom in things spiritual and material.

As Governor of Maine, I respectfully urge the people of our State to give due recognition to the observance of Book Week, and the agencies, both public and private, interested in the spread of knowledge and learning.

(Signed) LEWIS O. BARROWS
Augusta, Maine Governor
November 1, 1935

The book committee of Bethel Library have arranged the following program. Miss Annie Barr, Librarian of Lewiston Library, will give a book talk at Bethel Library Wednesday evening, Nov. 16, at 7:30 in observance of Book Week. There will be a display of new books for young and old and an exhibit of booklets made by pupils of the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th grades of the Bethel Grammar School. These are a result of correlated work in the English, literature, history and art classes. The display and exhibit will be shown Wednesday evening and Thursday afternoon, Nov. 17, from 3 to 5 o'clock.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

GOULD TAKES BERLIN IN FINAL GAME

Tucker and Clough Star for
Gould in 33-13 Triumph —
Fifth Victory this Year

In a game featuring thrills galore, Gould Academy annexed its fifth victory of the season by downing Berlin, N. H., High School by a 33-13 score at the Fair Grounds Saturday. Tucker was the "big thorn in the side" for Berlin as he romped for four touchdowns, one of them a 65 yard run back of a punt in the first period. Buddy Clough also starred offensively as he played stellar ball in especially the last period when Gould rallied to score 14 points in that final quarter.

The game was more of a thriller than the score would indicate. Gould started strong, scoring 13 points in the first period and adding six more early in the second period. Here, however, Berlin began to click and Gould to falter. The visitors after advancing on a fine series of passes crashed over for a touchdown and scored the extra point to leave the score 19-7 at half time.

As the third period opened Berlin continued its drive scoring six points early in the period and were continually threatening until the waning minutes of that period. Here came the turning point of the game. The visitors had the ball in midfield with third down and a yard to go. They tried the center of the line, but Thurston crashed through to hold them for no gain. Berlin then tried an off-tackle play, which Thurston smashed for no gain again. This gave Gould the line on the first play opened a blitz ball and with revived spirits, the hole for Buddy Clough who dashed through and with some fine open field running carried the ball 35 yards. From then on it was Gould's ball game as they scored two plays later and added another for good measure before the game was over.

For Berlin Wood's passing and running, along with the running of

—Continued on Page Eight

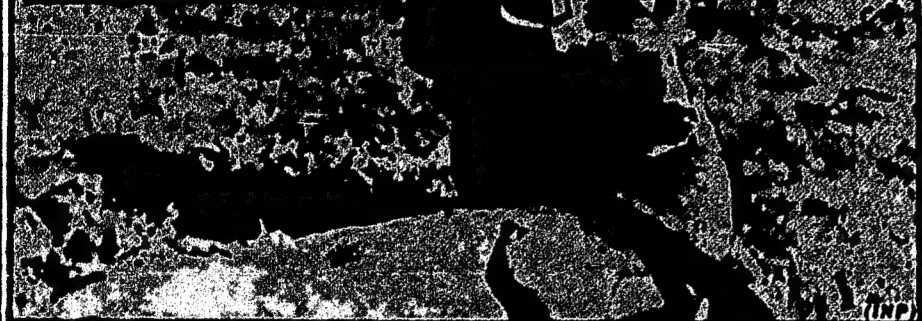
"Calling All Americans . . ."



American Red Cross Roll Call Poster for 1935

People and Spots in the Late News

DEAR! DEER!... Gwendolyn Weymouth, pretty University of Maine co-ed, opened new hunting season by "betting a buck" she could shoot a buck and, as picture indicates, now has two bucks, one she won and one she shot.



SWANK IN TWEED... American designer, noted for color harmonies, has brought forth sports suit (below) with long tunic coat. Black skirt has unique jumper top that is worn over smoke and brown sweater of soft wool. Handbag is calfskin.



SOMEWHERE IN U. S. A.... True to movie type, a Hollywood director ordered this rubber-track high-speed tank delivered airmail from Indianapolis to movieland, where headline topic of army mechanization is serving as plot for forthcoming thriller.



IT "AIN'T" THEM... Snapped aboard ship, returning from triumphant tour of England, these doubles for famed Hollywood stars are, left to right, Margaret Bryson (Loretta Young); Virginia Rendel (Mae West); Sylvia Lamar (Joan Crawford); Carol Dietrich (Marlene Dietrich); Betty Dietrich (Greta Garbo); Ezelle Pouille (Zasu Pitts).



WOULD SAVE FRANCE... Declaring restoration of monarchy was only way to save native country from decay or party dictatorship, Prince Henry, Count of Paris and pretender to extinct French throne, made dramatic secret plane trip to Parisian suburb, in violation of exile law, to plead his cause.



LEADS TAX FIGHT... Punitive and discriminatory taxes place increased burdens on housewives, Mrs. Mary Meany, Vice-Chairman of Emergency Consumers Tax Council of New Jersey told Collingswood women's group, in outlining Council plans for battle against unsound levies on consumer.

East Bethel

Mr. and Mrs. Loton Hutchinson of West Bethel were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bean of Phillips were in town Sunday.

Mrs. L. C. Stevens of Middle Intervale and daughter, Mrs. Ernest Swan and little son of Locke Mills called on Mrs. G. L. Haines Saturday.

B. W. Kimball and Mrs. John Howe were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Thomas at Sumner Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bickford and two children were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hastings.

Mrs. Doris Kimball and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frost in Kingsfield recently.

Miss Eva Bean and Rodney Howe attended the Bowdoin-Maine game Saturday with Francis Bean, son, Francis and Mrs. Sarah Knight of Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bartlett, Mrs. Marjorie Billings, Mrs. Gladys Tyler, Mrs. Cella Lake, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hastings, Mrs. Grace Haines, Mrs. W. S. Hastings, son Edward, and Mrs. John Howe attended the annual meeting of the Oxford County Farm Bureau at South Paris Thursday.

Willard Farwell returned home Saturday from Hudson, Mass., where he has been employed for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Mace are at Jorgen Olson's.

Mrs. Dana Harrington, Mrs. Charles Smith and baby were guests of relatives in Norway Saturday.

Mrs. Carrie Bartlett is visiting Mrs. Ralph Day in Woodstock.

Mrs. E. A. Billings, Hazel Billings, Robert Billings, and Mrs. Dora Richardson visited Mrs. Annie Stowell in Yarmouth recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Dorey and three children have moved to Gilberville.

Dean Farrar was taken to Rumford Community Hospital Monday with an infected hand, which he cut with an ax last week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Newton and Mr. and Mrs. Dana Harrington were in Upton Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Faulkingham of Andover were guests of Mrs. S. B. Newton Saturday.

Mrs. Nettie Rogerson and granddaughter, Nancy Bracy, of Mexico were week-end guests of Mrs. Alfred Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilder Merrill of South Paris were week-end guests of A. R. Merrill and Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Merrill.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hutchins and family of South Portland were at their farm here over the week-end.

Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Curtis were Mr. and Mrs. Will Pratt and grandchildren, James and Patricia, Mr. and Mrs. George Foster and son Harold of South Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Foster and daughter Eleanor, Maud Day, Ernest Gammon and Ernest Curtis of West Paris; Mr. and Mrs. Frans Mills and son Dale of North Haven; Miss Lucy Curtis of Bryant Pond; Mrs. Colista Morgan of Greenwood; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Cleveland, Miss Reba Hatfield and William Simpson of Berlin, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jordan of Rumford and Miss Mildred Farrar of Portland were at Erwin Farrar's Monday.

Marlyn Noyes is able to attend school this week after being sick all last week.

Leslie Noyes is unable to work, because of torn ligaments in his back.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hastings, Barbara, Billy and Edward Hastings, enjoyed a trip through the mountains Sunday.

Eugene Burns is at North Newry working for Ole Olson.

BUSINESS CARDS

Watch This Space for Dates



Eyes Examined, Glasses Furnished

E. L. GREENLEAF
OPTOMETRIST
over Rowe's Store
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3

DR. HOWARD E. TYLER
CHIROPRACTOR

Bethel NORWAY
Mon. Afternoon Tel. 338
Thurs. Evening

S. S. Greenleaf
Funeral Home
Modern Ambulance Equipment
TELEPHONE 112 BETHEL, ME
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.
BETHEL, MAINE

MARBLE & GRANITE WORKERS
Chaste Designs
FIRST CLASS WORKMANSHIP
Letters of inquiry promptly answered

See Our Work—Get Our Prices
E. E. WHITNEY & CO.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Any Time Anywhere
G. A. AUSTIN
Licensed Auctioneer
BETHEL, MAINE
with Bethel Auction Co.

ELMER E. BENNETT
AGENT
New York Life Insurance Co.
Phone 34-11
Bethel, Maine

KNOW WHAT YOU BUY

Nationally Advertised Goods are Sold by Bethel Merchants. The purchaser of standard advertised products takes no chances. The quality and price are right. The manufacturer cannot afford to have it otherwise.

BUY NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS IN BETHEL
CHILTON Pens, E. P. LYON
Community, Rogers Bros., and Holmes & Edwards Silver, E. P. LYON

GOODRICH Rubbers, ROWE
MICHAELS-STERN Clothes, ROWE

PHILCO Radios, E. P. LYON
MUNNING WEAR, ROWE
WALK OVER Shoes, ROWE

West Paris

The 32nd annual chicken pie supper, sale and entertainment, sponsored by the Good Will Society will be held at the Universalist Church Wednesday afternoon and evening, Nov. 16. The sale will open at 2 o'clock. Supper will be served from 5:30 to 7. Entertainment will begin at 8 o'clock, consisting of free moving pictures of Ferry Beach shown by Robert F. Needham of Arlington, Mass.

The annual meeting of the Glad Hand Class was held Tuesday evening, Nov. 1, at the home of Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Walter Inman; vice-president, Mrs. Ellsworth D. Curtis; secretary, Mrs. Harold Perham; treasurer, Mrs. J. Albert Jackson.

Mrs. Rupert Curtis and daughter of Blue Point, N. Y., who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Curtis and other relatives, returned home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Snow of New Gloucester and Mr. and Mrs. Adna West of South Paris were guests Sunday of Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes and attended church.

Sunday River

Roger Reynolds and family spent the week-end at James Reynolds'. Peter Baker is loading cars with rayon wood.

Will Powers is cutting birch for Elmer Trask.

H. L. Foster worked on the road Monday.

Albert Skillings spent the week-end at home.

Laurence Abbott has gone to Sumner for a few days.

Locke Mills

Gerald Robinson and Charles Smith are the lucky hunters so far. Each one secured a deer Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Tebbets and Joseph Veikowaki attended the football game at Hebron Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Morgan and family of West Paris and Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cole and family of Greenwood Center were Sunday visitors at Will Seames', Howe Hill.

Edward Chase has finished work at the E. L. Tebbets Spool Co.

BRYANT'S MARKET

AT IGA MARKETS	MEATS	Friday and Saturday	Pure APPLE JELLY 8 oz. 10c
Quality			Sun-Glo
POT ROAST	lb. 23c		LIGHT BULBS 2 for 25c
FRESH PORK LIVER	lb. 15c		Baker's VANILLA 2 oz. 25c
Smoked 6 to 8 lbs. avg. wgt.			LUX FLAKES 1 lb. pkg. 20c
SHOULDERS	lb. 18c		SALADA TEA 1/2 lb. pkg.
Diamond "Y"			Red Label 41c Brown Label 33c
FRANKFURTS	lb. 18c		Hormel's New Miracle Meat
Heyl's			SPAM 12 oz. can 29c
Peanut Butter Kisses	lb. 19c		Seavey's
RINCO 2 lbs. pkgs. 39c			PEANUT BRITTLE lb. box 23c

FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

I.G.A. STORES

parent's
MEN'S CLOTHING-FURNISHINGS 102 CONGRESS
QUALITY-SERVICE-SATISFACTION RUMFORD, ME.

WHEN FOOD FERMENTS AND GASES RISE
TAKE JUST ENOUGH TO ALKALIZE -



Gas is fine in your stove or furnace, but it's both painful and embarrassing in your stomach.

Why don't you use Alka-Seltzer for the relief of ACID INDIGESTION, Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Muscular, Rheumatic, Sciatic pains?

Alka-Seltzer is pleasant to take and unusually effective in action.

Non-laxative, Non-habit-forming, does not depress the heart.



BE WISE ALKALIZE

Milton

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cone went to Auburn Sunday to visit relatives. Several from here attended the Hallowe'en party at the East Milton schoolhouse Friday evening.

Alton Buck moved to Greenwood Monday, where he has a job with Forest Emery.

Carlton Clifford of Rumford got a nice deer Wednesday in this vicinity.

Sunday guests at William Dyer's were Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Hemingway of Norway.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Miller went to North Fryeburg Wednesday and called on Mrs. Basha Ackley.

Walter Millett and Lee Billings of Milton, Clinton Littlefield and George W. Day of Locke Mills went to Flagstaff Thursday on a hunting trip.

Sunday guests at Mrs. Addie Lapham's were Mr. and Mrs. John Cummings and son Irving of Upper Gloucester and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Clifford and family of Rumford.

Mrs. Eva Poland of Rumford Point is visiting her son, Charles Poland, and family for a few days.

Several from here attended the Grange meeting at Bryant Pond Saturday night. Wilma Poland took the third and fourth degrees.

Verne Jackson and his mother, Mrs. Addie Lapham, visited her granddaughter, Mrs. Lester Hathaway, and family Sunday at Bryant Pond.

South Albany

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardwell, Arthur Wardwell, Alice Andrews, and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Kimball enjoyed a motor trip to Rangeley Lakes Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Whitman called at R. E. Hill's Sunday evening.

Cecil Kimball was a guest of his sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardwell, last week.

A meeting of the directors of the Albany Tel. & Tel. Co., was held at Olive Little's Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Kimball were guests at the Bumpus mine one day last week.

Howard Allen was a recent caller at Roy Wardwell's.

North Woodstock

Mrs. Durward Lang and Mrs. Edgar Davis and son visited relatives at West Paris one afternoon last week.

Cullen Abbott remains very poorly. Visitors are not allowed in to see him.

One side of the North Woodstock Chapel roof has been shingled. Harry Stevens did the work.

Work is progressing very good on the electric line to be run through here. Most of the families are going to have their homes wired.

Avis Cushman visited with Catherine Gireau Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Yates of Greenwood spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cole. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bacon and son of West Paris were also callers there.

Songo Pond

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bryant and son of Portland were guests of Mr. Bryant's mother, Mrs. Clarence Foster Sunday.

Mrs. Eva Barker was moved to Dr. McCarty's Hospital, Rumford, where she received a blood transfusion Thursday. She is better at this writing. Her mother, Mrs. Maud Kimball, is caring for her infant son.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Saunders were callers at Elmer Saunders' Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Grindle were in Auburn Sunday, the guests of Mrs. Grindle's brother, Charles Bryant, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tibbets and children of South Paris were callers at Herbert Winslow's Sunday.

Glenn Swan of Ridgelyville called at Elmer Saunders' Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kimball and Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Bennett were in South Paris on business Wednesday.

Several from this place attended the dance at North Woodstock Saturday evening.

Wendall Barker and Leonard Kimball were in Rumford Saturday to see Mrs. Barker, who is in the hospital for treatment.

LISTEN TO THIS

By TOM FIZDALE

Paul Whiteman, Dean of Modern Music, is chairman of a new national group, the Non-Partisan Committee to Suppress Musical Bigotry. The group was formed because of the action of an eastern classical music society which asked the Federal Communications Commission to suspend licenses of stations allowing the "swinging" of the classics, with revocation for second offense. Whiteman's group, which includes Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Count Basie, Al Donahue and Benny Berigan, believe that musicians must take concerted action against such legislation to prevent injury to popular music.



Paul Whiteman

Jack Haley is breaking radio precedents with reckless abandon this season. First he introduced the idea of a comedy show without using a prepared script. Now he has turned to radio, rather than the movies or a well-known book, as a subject for a radio parody. When his company parodied "Aller Ego"—the dramatic bit from the Star Theatre in which Betty won high praise—it was the first time that radio had parodied radio drama.

Barbara Weiss, star of Her Honor, Nancy Jones, has the blues. But it's a grand passion rather than a depression. Blue is her favorite color. Not only does she wear blue whenever possible, but the walls of her apartment are in varying shades of blue, her table linens are blue and the color scheme is even carried through her stationery.

Alice Hill, Betty of the famous Betty and Bob radio dramas, has herself. Long ago she decided that she wasn't the type to portray a dashing boldness on the air because it was foreign to her nature. The other day her hairdresser tried to sell her on the up-swing coiffure but she nixed the idea. It didn't suit her personality.

Jim (Fibber McGee) Jordan is among those who are sorry to see the summer fade away—but for more than sentimental reasons. It means the end of the busy season for his soft drink business in Kansas City.

Planning to enlarge the scope of his work, John J. Anthony, conductor of the Sunday night Original Good Will Concert over the Mutual network, is mapping out a tour of important cities along the Atlantic seaboard, in each of which he will hold good will clinics.

Unusual circumstance has risen in connection with that sponsor receives hundreds of letters after each broadcast asking for a recording of "Una Merkel's comedy sketch," "Kenny Baker's song," "the Reinhardt dramatic production" and other features of the show.

Generally Broadway contributes stars to radio, but in the case of Big Sister, top-ranking daytime serial, the process is reversed. Both Alice Frost, who plays the little role, and Martin Gabel, Dr. John Wayne of the radio drama, have been drafted for Mercury Theatre productions within less than a year.

The other day someone was bemoaning high income taxes to Eddie Cantor. Cantor replied: "I'm considering the taxes I pay a cheap price to pay for a show called Liberty."



Alice Hill

'Chevrolet Takes Big Strides Ahead for 1939



New Aero-stream styled bodies combine with major mechanical improvements to provide new beauty, safety, comfort and operating ease, in the 1939 Chevrolets, presented October 22, and featured at the big auto shows this month. The new models are offered on two chassis, the Master De Luxe and the Master 85, both of which are powered with Chevrolet's famous six-cylinder valve-in-head engine.

A new vacuum gear shift mechanism with steering column control, optional on all models at small extra cost, does 80 per cent of the work of shifting gears. The Master De Luxe series features a new riding system, in which a brand new Chevrolet Knee-Action mechanism is scientifically co-ordinated with new ride stabilizer and double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers to furnish a smooth, soft ride.

Central picture is the new Master De Luxe Sport Sedan. Upper right: front end view of the 1939 car; Upper left: Master De Luxe front suspension unit, complete; Lower left: accessibility and finger-tip ease of operation are two major features of Chevrolet's vacuum gear shift with steering column control; Lower right: As the handbrake on all models is re-located under the cowl, front compartment floor is cleared in cars with vacuum gear shift.

Bryant Pond

There was a meeting of the church officers and Ladies' Aid at the Church Monday evening. It was decided to build a kitchen at the Social Hall, its construction to be in charge of the board of trustees.

Mrs. John Brown recently spent a week in Green, the guest of her son, James Brown, and family.

Mrs. Justina Kelley fell and was cut badly recently, but is gaining now.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ring and family of West Sumner were callers on his sister, Mrs. Frank Hayes, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Whitman and Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Greene and son Basil went to Rangeley Lakes Sunday and called on Charles Harris and family. Mr. Harris was once a resident of this town.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter Swan and children took a trip to New Hampshire Sunday.

Eugene Ordway has moved his family to West Paris. Alpheus Coffin has moved his family to Alton. Bacon's rent vacated by Eugene Ordway.

Newry

A good crowd attended the old-fashioned dance sponsored by the Grange last Friday night.

Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Arsenault and Mrs. Vall attended the County Farm Bureau meeting at South Paris Nov. 3.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse and son of Sabattus and Hannah Harrington of West Greenwood called on Grace Hulbert Sunday.

A Circle Supper was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Davis Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Thurston of Rumford and Eleanor Learned of Norway were home Sunday.

Miss Helen Varner spent the week-end with friends in Hebron.

S. T. Tripp is doing carpenter work for Dr. Harry Wilson at Bethel.

FRANKLIN GRANGE

Franklin Grange of Bryant Pond Carolyn Dunham in a very pleasant Saturday evening, Nov. 5. There was a good attendance. At-charge of the tableaux, which were the regular meeting, the chairs very good. The charter was draped by the regular officers, the ed for Llewellyn Buck, a member ladies' degree team conferred the who has recently passed away. third and fourth degrees on Scott Emmons, Howard MacKillop, Wil- meeting.

THE POCKETBOOK of KNOWLEDGE BY TOPPS

THE AVERAGE AGE OF STEEL WORKERS IS 38 YEARS AND TWO OUT OF FIVE ARE MORE THAN 40 YEARS OLD

AMERICANS READ MORE THAN ANY OTHER PEOPLE—THERE ARE 19,000 MAGAZINES, 2000 DAILY AND 10,000 WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS IN THE UNITED STATES

OUT OF EVERY \$100 PAID FOR RENT AN AVERAGE OF \$25 GOES FOR TAXES

IT IS SO BARREN ON THE ARAB ISLANDS (OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA) THAT THE INHABITANTS HAVE TO GATHER SOIL IN BASKETS AND CARRY IT TO DEVICES IN THE ROCKS, SO THEY CAN GROW THEIR POTATO CROP

CABBAGES GROW UP TO FIVE FEET HIGH, ON THE ISLAND OF JERSEY (AN ISLAND IN THE CHANNEL ISLAND GROUP)

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN PUBLISHED THURSDAYS AT BETHEL, MAINE

CARL L. BROWN, Publisher
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Chamberlin's Fruit Store,	Bethel
Irving Brown,	Bethel
Gilbert LeClair,	Bethel
Maurice Kendall,	West Bethel
Harry Chase, Jr.,	Hanover
Clayton Holden,	Gilead
Chase's,	Bryant Pond
Ethel Mason,	Locke Mills
Judkins' Store,	Upton

Any article or letter intended for
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bear the signature and address of
the author and be written on only
one side of the paper. We reserve
the right to exclude or publish
contributions in part.

Subscription rate \$2.00 per year;
Three years for \$5.00. Single copies
5c.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1938

THE LOW DOWN HICKORY GROVE

I was rummaging through some
Texas papers the other day, and
you know, when those old long-
horn editors down there have some-
thing to say, they up and say it.

And the stuff I
got in mind, and
which I was
squintin' at in
their paper, it
was the farmers
and everybody on
the Colorado riv-
er, they are mad-
der than wet hens,
on account of be-
ing flooded out
again. And the Gov't., it had just
finished spending a barrel of mon-
ey, to fix everything.

But instead of fixing it up so as
to catch the water and do away
with floods, the Gov't., it filled up
the dam, right off the bat, and is
trying to muscle in, on the power
business. So the first rain that
came along, she just went right on
over the dam, and the farmers they
took to the high spots—again.

And pardner, if I was one of
those Wash. guys who had any-
thing to do with this Texas mess,
I would take to the tall timber. I
don't crave having any old bow-
legs from down there around San
Antonio, drawin' any head on me,
with his shootin' iron.

Yours, with the low down,
JO BERRA

NEWS OF THE UMBAGOG INTERSTATE LARGER PARISH

On Thursday of this week there
was an all-day meeting of the La-
dies Aid Society in Upton.

The Young People of Newry are
planning a social this Friday even-
ing at the Grange Hall.

The Larger Parish Scout Troop
will meet together this Thursday
evening at the Town Hall in Errol.
This is the first meeting of the
whole troop together.

On Sunday, Mr. Manter will
preach at Upton and Newry, and
Mr. Fitzpatrick will be at Errol and
Magalloway.

The people of Upton are working
on a three-act comedy, "A Ready-
Made Family" by Jay Tobias which
we are all looking forward to see-
ing during Thanksgiving week.

Painted turtle likes sun
The painted turtle likes sun
in the sun near the water's edge
where it can quickly dive to escape
enemies if disturbed. They are
alert and shy and disappear with
the slightest noise.

Butterflies Hunt in Couples
One species of butterfly found on
the island of Jamaica always hunts
in couples. Both are marked with
green and black bars. In one green
predominates, in the other, black.

STILL FIGHTING FOR DEMOCRACY



AFTER TWENTY YEARS

Albany—Valley Road

Delbert McAllister spent a few
days with his mother, Mrs. Edith
McAllister, at Gorham, N. H., the
first of the week.

Miss Frances Arsenault and Ivan
Kimball called at Harlan Bumpus'
Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hall and
children have moved to the Gorman
place at Hunt's Corner.

John Kimball returned home to
Locke Mills Monday, after spend-
ing several days at Ben Inman's.

Ruth Bumpus has been ill with
an abscess in her ear.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Kimball were
at the Cummings farm Wednesday.

George Logan and Miss Phyllis
Bennett were in Fryeburg and He-
bron Sunday.

Charles Conner has blood poison
in his hand and arm.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley and daugh-
ter Miriam of Augusta spent Sun-
day at the Cummings farm as
guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bum-
pus and family.



Receipts from farm marketings
in the first nine months of 1938
are now estimated at \$5,044,000,
a decrease of 13% compared
with corresponding period last
year.

Close observation shows that
woodlots thinned 8 or 10 years ago
withstood the hurricane of Sept.
21 better than unthinned stands.
Proper thinning apparently gives
some protection against wind dam-
age.

The Federal Surplus Commodi-
ties Corporation has been author-
ized to buy surplus dry edible beans
under a purchase program now in
effect. Beans purchased will be
distributed through state agencies
for relief.

Indications are that farmers are
preparing to increase rapidly the
number of milk cows and other
cattle. The U. S. Bureau of Agri-
cultural Economics finds that
farmers apparently are saving
more heifer calves than usual this
year. With only average culling,
the number of milk cows is ex-
pected to increase about 2% next
year.

Now is the time to cut firewood
and give the woodlot its annual
attention. Fuel-wood cutting, if
properly done, can be made a con-
structive step in increasing farm
income from forest products. Bul-
letin 223 of the Maine Extension
helpful information on management
of the Maine farm woods. Address
requests to the Extension Service,
College of Agriculture, Orono,
Maine.

LEGION AUXILIARY NOTES

Mrs. Olive Lurvey, second dis-
trict Vice-President, made an offi-
cial visit with the Strong unit Mon-
day night. Mrs. Jane Van Den
Kerkhoven accompanied her.

The second district council held
a conference with the Auburn unit
Tuesday evening. The meeting was
conducted by State Vice-President,
Mrs. Olive Lurvey. The State of-
ficers present were: President,
Mrs. Olive Tinkham of Auburn, and
Mrs. Anna Lovely, Secretary, of
Old Town. The State chairmen
present were: Mrs. Amella Jobin,
Child Welfare, of Rumford; Miss
Clara Jackson, Field, of Bryant
Pond; Miss Mary Dumas, Rehabili-
tation, of Lisbon Falls, and her
assistant, Mrs. Sarah Houlett; Mrs.
Marlette Greenlaw, State Member-
ship and National Committee Wo-
man, of Augusta.

The speaker and guest of honor
of the evening was National Vice-
President, Mrs. George L. Banford
of Maryland. A very interesting
and inspiring program was carried
out. Those attending from the local
unit were Mrs. Mabel O'Brien, Mrs.
Marie Naimen, Mrs. Grace Coburn,
Mrs. Iola Forbes, Mrs. Carrie
French, Mrs. Olive Lurvey, Mrs.
Marjorie McAllister, Mrs. Frances
Bennett, Mrs. Jane Van Den Ker-
koven, and Mrs. Adeline Fish.

The second district council will
hold a meeting at Locke Mills, Nov.
19, at 2 p. m. The Jackson-Silver
unit will be the hostess.

TYPEWRITERS

UNDERWOOD NO. 5

Elite type. Very good sec-
ond hand condition. \$25.

Another one in fair shape and
does good work. \$15.00

ROYAL NO. 10

Pica type. Excellent condi-
tion for long service. \$30.

Elite type. Good second hand
condition. \$20

ROYAL DeLuxe Portable

Like new. Tabulator. Pica
type. \$50.

REMETTE PORTABLE

See this new portable type-
writer with every essential
feature including the famous
Remington geared type bar.
Complete four row 84 charac-
ter standard keyboard. \$29.75

Satisfactory terms usually can be
arranged at slightly higher prices.

CITIZEN OFFICE

Upton

Mr. and Mrs. O. Lee Abbott of
Bangor spent the week-end at the
home of his mother.

A small forest fire raged for a
while Saturday night near B Brook.
Men from Jim Barnett's lumber
camp with the help of the fire
wardens checked it.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Russ visited
their daughter, Mrs. Isabelle Fuller,
last week-end.

John Twitcheell and Horace Me-
serve of Oxford spent a few days
hunting on Back Street last week.

Harley Witham and Stanley Wells
joined them on Saturday.

Most of the Farm Bureau Ladies
attended the annual meeting at
South Paris. They brought home a
blue ribbon for their square meals.

Doris Watters of Berlin spent the
week-end at Jim Barnett's home.

The Abbott House Restaurant is
closed for the winter.

The Boys 4-H Club and the Scouts
held their meetings Friday even-
ing at the library. The 4-H club re-
organized.

A baby girl was born to the wife
of Howard Douglass at the Berlin
Hospital, Nov. 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Burnham
of Rumford visited their daughter,
Mrs. Bertha Lombard, Sunday.

The Upton Grange are making
plans for a dance to be held at
their hall soon.

NEW ALBANY BRIDGE BEGUN LAST WEEK

Work was started last week on
the construction of the new bridge
over Mill Brook near the home of
Calvin Cummings in Albany. The
old bridge at this point has been
the scene of many accidents. It
was on the sharp curve here on Oct.
2, 1937, that four Dixfield men, Wil-
lis W. Walte, Albert B. Root, Wil-
liam M. Kidder, and John R. Trask,
lost their lives when their car left
the road at the bridge and over-
turned in the brook.

The new bridge is being built by
Stewart & Williams of Augusta and
will be of concrete, costing about
\$12,000. New approaches will also
be built to straighten an "S" curve.
About 20 men are employed.

East Stoneham

Dr. Joel B. Hayden of Hudson,
Ohio, made a very short visit at
"Far Away Farm" at East Stone-
ham and called on a few friends
last Tuesday afternoon. He was
on his way from Bowdoin College
to Dartmouth.

Earl Edwards of West Somer-
ville, Mass., has been staying at
his camp for the past week.

Billy Walker of South Paris was
a caller at Mr. and Mrs. Edwin
Allen's Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. MacLean have
closed their homes at East Stone-
ham and gone to Boister's Mills
for the winter.

Carlton F. Barker, mail carrier,
was sick Saturday and Carroll Cur-
tis substituted for him.

Mrs. Alice Dionne has been ill
with tonsillitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Warren,
Wilma Warren and Donald Files
went to Oxford Sunday.

Mrs. Carla Richardson is visit-
ing Mr. and Mrs. Roy Johnson at
Avon, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Adams, Annie
Wilberger and Patricia Lombard
of Bridgton were callers at Mr. and
Mrs. Curtis Bickford's Sunday.

Herbert Adams and Mr. Cum-
mings of Norway have been stay-
ing at W. H. Warren's for the past
few days while hunting.

Mrs. Gladys Kilgore is at home
at East Stoneham this week. Mr.
Kilgore returned to his work at
Freeport.

**STONE
AGE
STUFF**

**The Poor Cave Man
Had No Newspaper
To Advertise In.
But You Have!!**

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

GET AN IDEA FIRST



Bedtime—and an excellent "story-telling" snap. Learn to build your
pictures around a central idea.

BEFORE you snap a picture, do
you have in your mind a clear
idea of what you want the picture
to "say"?

This is important, because every
picture needs a central "picture
idea" to give it life and meaning.
Especially, every picture with per-
sons in it needs some sort of action
(or activity) to give it interest.

By "action" I don't mean rapid
motion, but merely that the person
pictured should be doing something.

For example, suppose you have
a small daughter, and every now and
then you want a new picture of her.
Well, don't just get her to stand in a
corner of the backyard, and look at
the camera while you snap. Relate
the picture to her personal life, her
daily activities. Look at these ideas:
A picture of her climbing out of
bed in the morning (you can take
it at night, really). A snap of her

yawning and stretching, in pajamas.

Rubbing sleepy eyes. Talking to her
dolls. Playing house. Poring over
picture books. Leaving for kinder-
garten. Helping Mother in the
kitchen. Riding a tricycle or scooter.

Munching a slice of buttered bread.

Being tucked into bed at night.

Sleeping soundly with a doll or
teddy bear or toy dog.

In all these, she is doing some-
thing. And, she will help you get
your pictures, if you make a game
of it, and suggest that she "play
like" she is doing this or that. In-
deed, this is a good way to entertain
her on a dull day or evening.

It's a good picture method. Start
with a clear idea, and make the pic-
ture to fit it. When one picture isn't
enough, snap a series. Make each
picture "say something"—and note
how they gain in life and appeal.

John van Guilder

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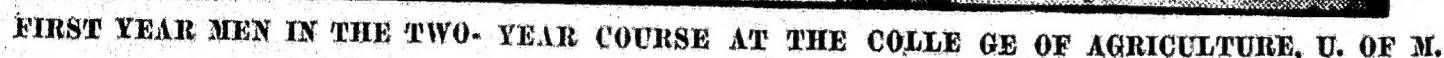
DAYS

TRIAL

WRITE

UNITED

BETHEL



THE CITIZEN

STATE OF MAINE
County of Oxford, ss

October 4th, 1938.
Taken this fourth day of October 1938, on execution dated October 4th, 1938, issued on a judgment rendered by the Superior Court for the County of Oxford, at the term thereof begun and held on the first Tuesday of March, to wit, on the seventeenth day of March, 1938, in favor of Ulric Plante of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, against Nicholas Bevilacqua, alias Nick Bivelacqua, alias Nicola Bivelacqua, alias Nick Bevelacqua, whose true and correct name is to your plaintiff unknown, of Rumford, in the said County of Oxford, for Three Hundred Eighty-Eight Dollars and Twenty Cents (\$388.20) debt or damage, and Fourteen Dollars and Ninety-Eight Cents (\$14.98) costs of suit, together with Thirty Cents (30c) more for second execution issued on said judgment, and will be sold at public auction at the Sheriff's Office, in the County Buildings in Paris, to the highest bidder, on the fifteenth day of November A. D., 1938, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, and all the right, title and interest, and right in equity, which the said Nicholas Bevilacqua alias, has and had, in and to the same, on the said fourth day of October, 1938, the time when the same was seized on execution in the said suit, to wit:

A certain lot or parcel of land together with the buildings thereon, situated in the part of Rumford commonly called Virginia, bounded and described as follows:—Commencing at a point sixty (60) feet easterly from the intersection of the easterly side line of High Street with the northerly side line of a proposed street called Hill Street; thence running northerly at right angles with said Hill Street thirty-five and one tenth (35.1) feet to an oak hub; thence running at a right angle easterly one hundred and thirty-eight (138) feet to an oak hub on Maple Lane, so-called, now Virgin Street; thence southerly along the westerly side line of said Maple Lane thirty-five and thirty-five one hundredths (35.35) feet to an oak hub; thence running westerly along the northerly side line of Hill Street one hundred and forty-two and two tenths (142.2) feet to the point of beginning. Meaning and intending to convey lot number eleven (11) as delineated on a plan made by Henry Nelson, Civil Engineer, which said lot is on the easterly side of the reservoir lot so-called. The above described lot is a part of the Rufus Virgin farm containing four thousand nine hundred and seventeen (4917) square feet. Being the same premises conveyed to Frederick J. McDonald by George A. Virgin by deed recorded in Book 333, Page 71. Also a certain lot or parcel of land situated in the Virginia Section so-called of Rumford Falls Village in said Rumford, and being a portion of lot numbered twelve (12) as shown upon the plan entitled "Plan of North Section of Virginia, Rumford, Maine," which plan is dated February 25, 1911, signed by Henry Nelson, Surveyor, and filed at Oxford County Registry of Deeds. Said parcel of land consists of a strip of land four feet (4) in width, fifty (50) feet in length on the southerly side of said lot numbered twelve (12) and adjoining lot numbered eleven (11) above described, and begins at the frontage of said lot numbered twelve (12) on Maple Lane, now Virgin Street, as shown on the aforesaid Plan and runs back for a distance of fifty (50) feet. Being the same strip of land conveyed to Jessie McDonald by Alfonso Belaraffo by deed dated October 23, 1915, and recorded in Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 333, Page 70. The above described premises are the same as were conveyed to Nicola Bevilacqua by Jessie McDonald by her warranty deed dated January 13, 1917, and recorded in Oxford Registry of Deeds, in Book 335, Page 521.

Said real estate is subject to a mortgage, given by said Nicholas Bevilacqua alias, to the Rumford Falls National Bank of Rumford, and recorded in the Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Eastern District, in Book 417, Pages 177-180, on which is said to be due about nine hundred twenty-five dollars (\$925.-00).

Dated at Rumford, Maine, this fourth day of October, A. D. 1938.
JAMES A. McMENNAMIN
Deputy Sheriff.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I shall not be responsible for any bills contracted by my wife after this date.

LINN A. WINTERELL
Bethel, Maine, Oct. 24, 1938.

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named:

At a Probate Court, held at Paris in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight, from day to day from the third Tuesday of said October. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby Ordered:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of November, A. D. 1938, at 10 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Fred W. Sanborn, late of Upton, deceased; First account presented for allowance by Ellsworth S. Lane, administrator.

Witness, Albert J. Stearns, Judge of said Court at Paris, this 18th day of October in the year of our Lord

Rowe Hill, Greenwood

Harry Page of West Paris has been visiting at Ernest Brooks'.

Callers at Newton Bryant's Monday evening were Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lang and son Merl, and George Abbott of North Woodstock. Fred Blake of Portland called at Newton Bryant's Monday.

Ernest Brooks worked at Bryant Pond for Harry Day one day recently.

Harry Day called at Wilmer Bryant's Tuesday evening.

Ray Hanscom and Wilmer Bryant are working on the new power line at Pinhook.

Callers at Newton Bryant's Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Ring and family of East Sumner and Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Lang and son Merl of Woodstock.

Mrs. Glenn Martin and children visited at R. L. Martin's Sunday.

one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight.

45 EARLE R. CLIFFORD, Register.

Perkins Valley, Woodstock

Mrs. Stewart Harris and three children, and nephew, Stanley Wekem, of Portland were visitors at Walter Appleby's Saturday afternoon.

Little Marlene Ring of West Paris is boarding with Evelyn Appleby for a while.

Mrs. Fred Tyler, Mrs. Ruth Tyler and son Jimmy, and her mother of Bryant Pond called to see John Swett Saturday.

Sunday callers at Nelson Perham's were Melford Nelham and family of Bath, Mr. and Mrs. Dana Dudley, Columbus Kimball, and Mrs. Carter of Bryant Pond; Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Pierce and son Wesley, Mrs. Raymond Dean and son Arthur of West Paris.

Alva Hendrickson has finished logging from the wood lot on the mountain, back of Perham's and has his usual crew working on the wood lot in back of the mountain, as we call it, which is the east side joining Redding. Fred Tyler and George Coffin of Bryant Pond are

working for him.

Word has been received of the recent marriage of Earle Swinton and Miss Millie Farrar of Portland. Earle is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Swinton and is in the U. S. A., stationed at Fort Williams. Mrs. Swinton is a native of Bethel and is working in a beauty parlor in Portland.

Bernal Thurlow and son are hauling pulp from Redding to Bryant Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Waterhouse and children have recently visited relatives at Leeds.

Type of Automobile in 1770

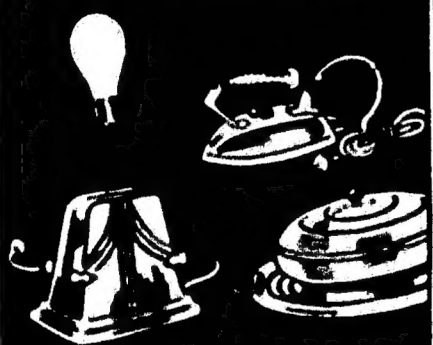
A three-wheeled, self-propelled steam carriage built in 1770 represented one of the first attempts to design an automobile.

Self-Esteem Misleading

"Self-esteem is often misleading," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown. "A man takes credit for a lovely disposition, when he is merely too indolent to resent an imposition."

THE COST OF *electricity* GOES DOWN AS YOU USE MORE OF IT!

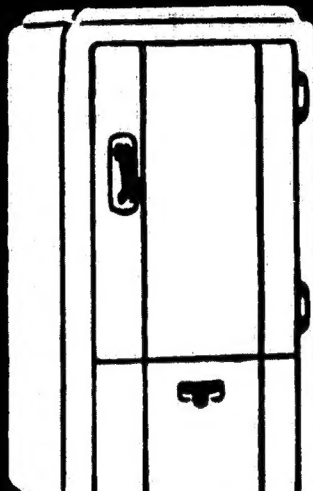
LIGHTS and SMALL APPLIANCES



8¢

PER KWH
FIRST 25 KWH

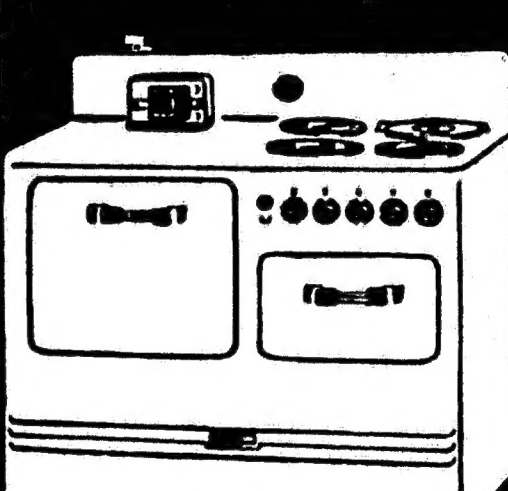
REFRIGERATOR



5¢

PER KWH
NEXT 50 KWH

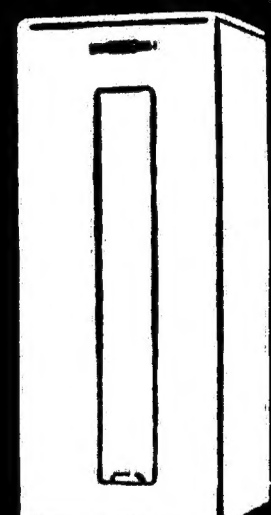
RANGE



2¢

PER KWH
ALL THE REST

WATER HEATER



1¢

PER KWH
WATER HEATING FOR ALL OVER 200 KWH
SLIDING SCALE BASIS IN THE CENTRAL MAINE REGION

THE BIG REASON FOR GOING "ALL ELECTRIC" IS OUTRIGHT ECONOMY ALL ALONG THE LINE.

This is the way it works: Lights and a few small appliances use about 25 kwh a month at a cost of 8¢ a kwh. With an electric refrigerator, the additional electricity comes to you at 5¢ a kwh. You get 50 kwh at this price. An electric range would then give you most of your cooking with 2¢ electricity, and

with an electric water heater added, you can have all electricity over 200 kwh on our restricted service rate of 1¢ a kwh. That is the way in which electricity goes down as you use more of it. In short, if you use electricity for one thing, use it for everything — it pays.

CENTRAL MAINE POWER COMPANY

Mud

By HAZEL R. LANGDALE
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

THE Petitcodiac river, whose bottle-shaped mouth where it empties into the Bay of Fundy is responsible for the world famed Bore, is, at certain portions of its length, margined with steep banks of mud of such insidious, slimy slipperiness that to look at them has somewhat the same effect on the observer as the glistening eye of the snake on its bird victim.

It had that effect on Marcia Makepeace, who had come up from Boston to visit her grandparents.

For 19 years—that is to say, since the day of her birth, Marcia's life had been bounded by Massachusetts bay and the Charles river. Of course, she had summured on the Cape and had motored through the White mountains. She had even spent a few weeks at Ogunquit. But none of these places, not even the Cape Cod creeks or the flats exposed on the Maine coast at ebb tide, could offer the mud of the Petitcodiac and its tributaries.

"Looks like primeval ooze, doesn't it?" asked Barry Robins, between puffs at his disreputable old briar. Barry lived in one of the five white farmhouses that made up the hamlet of Ste. Stephanie and Marcia had been warned against him by her grandparents.

"It certainly does!" agreed Marcia, amiably, but not for the world would she have disclosed the horrid fascination those unbelievably smooth declivities had for her.

Barry had rather fallen in love with Marcia at sight and was trying to fall out again because it was evi-

dent on the face of it that he was a poor sort of fellow for a girl like her.

Three days after this conversation, Marcia, in hunting for a lost slipper in her trunk, came upon her bathing suit.

She pulled it out and shook it. Then she went to the top of the narrow flight of stairs.

"Oh, grandmother! Is there any place where one could go swimming?"

After a moment, her grandmother's voice came back doubtfully. "Why, I don't know. There's a pool down at the bend that the boys used to use. Kind of shallow now, I suppose."

Barry saw her go by his gate and guessed her destination from a pair of gay red rubber bathing shoes protruding from her coat pocket. He started up, then sat back again and slowly refilled his pipe. For some time he sat smoking and thinking.

If only Marcia had been just an ordinary girl with no maternal relatives in Back Bay, no Radcliffe diploma, no Cambridge accent, he would have felt more like going to her and saying, "Darling, I'm a poor devil of a writer who threw up a job as reporter to go off by myself and write a book. I was born in Pawtucket and I don't know the Common from Cops Hill burying ground. But I love you and will work my fool head off to keep the wolf from the door!"

Grabbing his hat and apology for a proper walking stick—an old

length of what had once been a gate rail—he set forth along the dusty gravel road that skirted the river.

At the turn of the road the pool made by the widening of the river became visible, but in its depths no bright head was visible.

Suddenly his face blanched. "Help! Help!"

He broke into a run. Yes, the cry had come from Marcia. Half way down the bank at the spot where it was steepest she could be seen in a condition that to any but a lover might have been unrecognizable. Petitcodiac mud coated her from head to foot.

Barry could see where she had to boggan down by long slide marks. Halfway, she had sunk into the brown ooze and her struggles had only served to submerge her still more. Terrified, she had cried for help.

Gingerly, lest he make matters worse, by inviting a similar predicament for himself, Barry stepped to the edge, then down a foot or two, and extended his stick.

"Grab it!" he ordered. "Now hold it while I pull." The whole bank quivered and Barry went in halfway to his knees. Splashes of mud went over him. Then the smeared and trembling Marcia was hauled to safety beside him.

"Poor child!" he said, kindly. "But how did it happen?"

Marcia gulped. "I—I did it on purpose," she said sheepishly.

Barry just looked at her. Marcia

Makepeace of Boston sliding down into primeval ooze for the fun of it! "Oh, my dear, my dear!" was all he could say for a moment. Then, taking her in his arms, mud and all, he enlarged upon that theme until Marcia had indeed promised to become his dear.

West Greenwood

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Harrington and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Banks of Portland spent a few days in town recently.

Mrs. Lizzie Flanders and Mrs. Dorothy Brinck called on Mrs. Alden Wilson Friday.

Alphonse Croteau of Portland called on Paul Croteau Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fuller of Sabattus were at B. L. Harrington's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harrington of Portland spent the week-end in town.

No Horsehair Snakes
Not horsehair, not snakes, but trematodes are the wiry wrigglers which resemble living horsehair. They are parasitic to grasshoppers and sometimes to skunks. When rainbarrels used to spin and roofspouts, they were often found there.

WHEN IN SOUTH PARIS
Stop at
O. K. CLIFFORD CO., Inc.
and get
6 GALLONS OF
BLUE SUNOCO
GAS for \$1.00

IS YOUR CHILD HANDICAPPED?

Can your child or any other child be expected to bring home Honor school report cards if handicapped by constipation or infested with Round Worms—the most common human intestinal parasites. For 86 years Mothers have found Dr. True's Elixir helpful as a laxative and to expel Round Worms. Agreeable to take.

At druggists

Dr. True's Elixir
THE TRUE FAMILY LAXATIVE AND ROUND WORM EXPELLER

BETHEL BUILDERS AND BOOSTERS

Stand, year in and year out, ready to serve you and the best interests of your town

HUNTERS--

HUNT THROUGH

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COMPLETE LINE OF
Sport Togs

The "Woods" are Full of
BARGAINS in
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SHELL
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PROMPT SERVICE
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BOSSERMAN'S DRUG
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NEIGHBORHOOD
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BUTTER PECAN
ICE CREAM CAKE

Just Right for Four
Servings

35¢

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GOOD QUALITY
TYPEWRITER PAPER

500 SHEETS — 50¢

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FOR EVERY PURPOSE

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'MICKEY' AND HIS GANG



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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.
Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week, and one-half cent per word each succeeding week.
Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Kineo Cook Stove and Round Oak Parlor Stove, RAY YORK, Bethel. 48p

FOR SALE—Horse shoes, nails and calks. Welding compound, iron rod, dynamite, electric caps and fuse. L. M. LONGLEY & SON, Norway, Maine. 48

FOR SALE—One Richardson & Boynton Hot Air Furnace, used only six months, together with pipes for five outlets. Price includes 5 cords slabs, \$60.00. L. E. DAVIS. 45tf

YARNS FOR RUGS AND HAND knitting. Samples and knitting directions, free. H. A. BARTLETT, Harmony, Maine. 46

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Hampshire Down Ram, 1½ yrs. old. H. S. STANLEY, Bethel. 45p

MEAT will be ready Saturday. G. D. MORRILL, West Bethel. 45p

MISCELLANEOUS

Hearings, Amputation, and Trappings. Supplies, bought, sold, and exchanged by H. I. BEAN, Bethel, Maine. Dealer in Raw Furs, Deer Skins, Hides and Pelts. 2tf

Don't Forget the Auction of household goods at Mrs. J. H. Glover's, Oxford, Maine, Sat., Nov. 12, at 12:30 sharp. C. A. AUSTIN, Auctioneer. 45p

ANNUAL TRADE SHOW

Preliminary plans for the second annual Agricultural Trades Show, which will be held in the Lewiston Armory on January 17th, 18th and 19th, got under way last week with a meeting of the executive committee at the Armory.

The success of last year's show has encouraged the committee to approve a show similar to the one held here in January 1938.

E. L. Newdick, chairman of the committee and Certification Chief of the Department of Agriculture presided at the meeting, which drew members from every cooperating trade. The florists were represented by Philip Talbot of Portland and Hale Dow of Westbrook. Stanley Painter of Monmouth and Lewis Berry of Livermore Falls represented the apple growers. W. L. Prout of Scarborough was a delegate from the vegetable growers and C. P. Osgood represented the dairymen.

Several innovations will be worked into the 1939 show, but the general foundation will be based on that of last year.

LADIES' CLUB

The Ladies' Club met with Miss Sarah Staples at the Students' Home Friday afternoon, Nov. 4. After the business meeting, the following program was presented: Selections "China Bay" and "Milk and Honey" by Mary Ann, Gould Orchestra under the direction of Charles Combs.

Talk "Nature Lore," Mrs. Cleora Adams.
Vocal solo, "Trees," Mrs. Doris Lord accompanied by Mrs. Dorothy Tucker.

Tea was served by the hostess with Mrs. P. E. Hanson and Mrs. Philip Staples presiding, assisted by Miss Lucille Simpson, Miss Margaret Stevens and Miss Margaret Lundy.

DRY SLABS \$1.50 per Cord

DRY Bundled EDGINGS \$1.00 Cord

Will deliver near village for \$1.00 per cord extra; or will saw and deliver for \$2.00 per cord.

P. H. CHADBOURNE & CO.
PHONE 129

MRS. ABBIE STEWART

Mrs. Abbie Stewart passed away Nov. 4 at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James S. Roberts, Chester, N. H., after an illness of three months.

Mrs. Stewart was born Aug. 27, 1858, the daughter of Daniel and Bridget Egan. She was married Sept. 3, 1875 to Alexander Stewart. To them 12 children were born. Mr. Stewart died 43 years ago.

She resided in Berlin and Errol, N. H., for over 30 years, coming there from Taunton, Mass.

Surviving are four sons, James and Alexander of Canaan, N. H.; David of Hinsdale, N. H.; and Daniel of Enfield, N. H.; six daughters, Mrs. Jane Lane of West Springfield, N. H.; Mrs. Lucy Schiare of Berlin, N. H.; Mrs. Mary Anne Fuller of Bethel, Mrs. Ethel MacPhee of Hyde Park, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts of Chester, N. H.; and Mrs. Margaret Forren, Errol, N. H.; two brothers, Thomas Egan of Berlin, N. H., and Henry Egan of Bath; one sister, Margaret Croighton, LaTuque, Canada; two half brothers, David Egan of Andover and Albert of Rumford; one half sister, Mrs. Jessie Simmons, Portland; 52 grandchildren, 25 great grandchildren, and a number of nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were held from the Congregational Church at Errol, N. H., with Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick officiating at the church and at the committal service at the Errol cemetery.

LATE BULLETINS FOR THE OXFORD COUNTY UNITED PARISH

You may get your paper before six o'clock Friday. If so just be sure to remember that "Pie Supper" at Albany.

Sunday morning the service at Center Lovell will be at 10 o'clock. We are hoping that Dr. Zerby will be at that service, or one whom he may send from Bates College. The services at the other churches will be at the usual hours. There will be a Communion Service at East Stoneham and Albany.

We think that there may be a surprise in store for the Young People Sunday evening. They better watch out!

Next Monday evening we expect a good delegation from the Parish will go to the Recreational Council at East Hebron. If you are interested in bowling toll Walter Filibrown. A group from the Parish have been having some very good times, Tuesday evenings.

Remember that the Institute of Churchmanship meets at South Paris on the next Wednesday evenings. The second session meets next Wednesday. On Thanksgiving week the Institute will be held Tuesday evening.

Thursday evening, and again you will hear the call for supper from East Stoneham. You will want to be there, for we expect there will be no supper at Center Lovell the next evening. So go to Stoneham for your Circle Supper next week.

We hope that several of our older boys will be able to attend the Annual State Y Conference that opens next Friday at Lewiston and Auburn.

SUPERIOR COURT

—Continued from Page One

child to mother.
George C. Fuller from Norma J. Fuller, both of Mexico, cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of one child granted to mother and father ordered to pay \$3.50 weekly.

Ethel H. Turcotte from Albert Turcotte, both of Fryeburg, cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of three children granted to mother.
Idel A. Coburn, Rumford, from Robert H. Coburn, Old Orchard, cruel and abusive treatment.

Dorcas P. Scone, Dixfield, from Joseph W. Scone, Philadelphia, cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of two children given to mother, father to pay \$12 weekly.

Mona G. Prue from Lester O. Prue, both of Peru, cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of two children given to mother, father to pay \$15 weekly.

Richard A. Mims, Norway, from Ruby C. Mims, Paris, cruel and abusive treatment.

Selma L. McPherson, Newry, from Duncan L. McPherson, Woodstock, desertion.

Joseph E. Curnell, Mexico, from Lila M. Curnell, Dixfield, cruel and abusive treatment.

Diantha A. Page, Fryeburg, from Robert C. Page, Littleton, N. H., cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of one child to mother.

Pearl M. Meserve, Hiram, from Henry B. Meserve, parts unknown, non-support. Custody of two children granted to mother.

Conrad R. Chaffin, Rumford from Harriet B. Chaffin, residence not known, desertion.

Gladys Virgin, Peru, from Feth Virgin, Mexico, desertion.

Lester L. Littlehale from Grace E. Littlehale, Sabattus, desertion. Custody of two children to father.

Louise Rand, Harrison, from Merle E. Rand, Waterford, cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of child granted to mother.

Edna H. Locke, Paris, from Arthur P. Locke, Norway, non-support. Libellant given right to resume name of Edna Louise Harrison.

Mary H. Wight from George L. Wight, both of Newry, non-support. Custody of child given to mother, father to pay \$5 weekly.

Bessie M. Winters, Mexico, from Ray O. Winters, Dixfield, cruel and abusive treatment.

Ida Mae Jones, Paris, from Stephen H. Jones, Norway, cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of child given to mother, father to pay \$4 weekly.

Edna D. F. Brown from Perley L. Brown, both of Stow, cruel and abusive treatment.

Naldora M. Graves, Fryeburg, from Aubrey M. Graves, Dixfield, cruel and abusive treatment. Custody of three children given to mother, father to pay \$500 in lieu of alimony.

GOULD 33—BERLIN 18

—Continued from Page One

Leville, and the pass-receiving of Ellwood was outstanding.
The Gould team played as a unit, with the line and backs capitalizing on every break to pile up a 33 point score. Captain Thurston used rare judgment throughout in accepting and rejecting penalties, as well as when to receive or kick after scores.

Tucker's 65 yard dash for a touchdown after a punt was the outstanding feature of the game.

GOULD (33) BERLIN (18)
re, Wentzell le, Ellwood
rt, Howe, Angel lt, Brooks
rg, T. Cummings, Morrill

lg, Mulroney
c, Harrigan, Billings c, Daley
lg, Brooks, Bartlett rg, Lavernoch
lt, Thurston, Buck

le, I. Cummings, Palmer re, Perry
qb, Holt qb, Gallus
rh, Wheeler, Gavel lh, King
lh, Tucker rh, Woods
fb, Clough fb, Leville

Scoring for Gould: Touchdowns—Tucker 4, Clough 2. Points after—Holt, Clough 2. For Berlin: Touchdowns—Woods 2. Points after—Woods 1.

AT THE METHODIST CHURCH

An Armistice Day service was held Sunday morning. The Chorus choir of twenty-one beautifully led the singing. At the close of the morning service a short business meeting was held.

The fuel committee reported the wood shed full of wood. It was voted to have a Thanksgiving service Wednesday evening, Nov. 23. It was decided best to have community night. Perry Lapham, Mrs. Mabel Greenleaf, and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Davis were placed upon the committee.

On Tuesday evening a Group meeting was held with delegates from Berlin, N. H., Rumford, Gorham, N. H., Rumford, Rumford Center, and Bethel. Ministers present were Rev. H. A. Shattuck, Rev. Albert E. Luce, Berlin, N. H., Rev. Henry Olsson of Gorham. A bountiful supper was served by the Bethel Ladies' Aid and songs were sung about the tables. The pastors read reports from their churches. They then adjourned to the auditorium of the church. Rev. H. Shattuck led the devotions. Rev. E. W. Robinson gave a very interesting lecture on the work of the church.

Paintings on House Walls
At Mittenwald, Bavaria, valuable paintings can be seen on the walls of houses. One of the finest, "The Flight From Egypt," was painted 500 years ago.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Sunday, November 13th
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Rev. Herbert T. Wallace, Minister
9.30 a. m. Sunday School.
11.00 a. m. Morning Worship. Sermon subject, "Life as an Adventure."
6.30 p. m. Pilgrim Fellowship.

METHODIST CHURCH
Rev. M. A. Gordon, Pastor
9.45 Church School. Classes for all.
11.00. Sunday Morning Worship. Anthem by choir. John Anderson, director. Mrs. Mildred Lyon, organist. Subject of sermon, "The Friendship of Jesus."

6.30 Epworth League. Leader, Arthur Gray.
7.30 Evening Service. Prayer, Poems, Favorite verses. Subject, "The Book of Jonah."
Choir rehearsal every Thursday evening.
Thanksgiving service Wednesday evening, Nov. 23.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Services Sunday morning at 10.45.
"Mortals and Immortals" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon that will be read in all churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, Nov. 13.

The Golden Text is: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (II Cor. 5: 17).

The citations from the Bible include the following passages: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is" (I John 3: 2).

The Lesson Sermon also includes selections from the Christian Science Textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy.

Testimonial meetings at 7:30 p. m. on the second Wednesday of each month until May.

BIRTHS

In Berlin, N. H., Nov. 1, to the wife of Howard Douglass of Upton, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

In Buckfield, Nov. 4, by Rev. W. M. Lowallen, Nillo B. Suomela of Greenwood and Miss Eleanor G. Harris of Buckfield.

DEATHS

In Danvers, Mass., Nov. 2, Mrs. Fannie Milliken Waterhouse, native of West Paris.

In Chester, N. H., Nov. 4, Mrs. Abbie Enman, widow of Alexander Stewart, aged 80 years.

IT IS TIME

to prepare your car for

Winter Driving

For Your Driving Comfort—for Your Car's Protection—let us put PRESTONE, AJAX or ANTI-FREEZE in your radiator—let us change your Motor, Transmission, Differential Lubricants to meet Cold Weather Needs.

ROBERTSON

SERVICE STATION

RAILROAD STREET

BETHEL

ODEON HALL, Bethel

Adults 25c—Children 20c Show begins at 8:10 P. M.

Friday-Saturday, Nov. 11-12

Bartara Stanwyck Herbert Marshall

ALWAYS GOODBYE

TUESDAY
NOV. 15

20 lbs. of COFFEE FREE
COME AND
GET A POUND OF COFFEE

Grace Fields—V. McLaglen—Brian Donlevy

We're Going to Be Rich

Coming—I AM THE LAW

TOWN

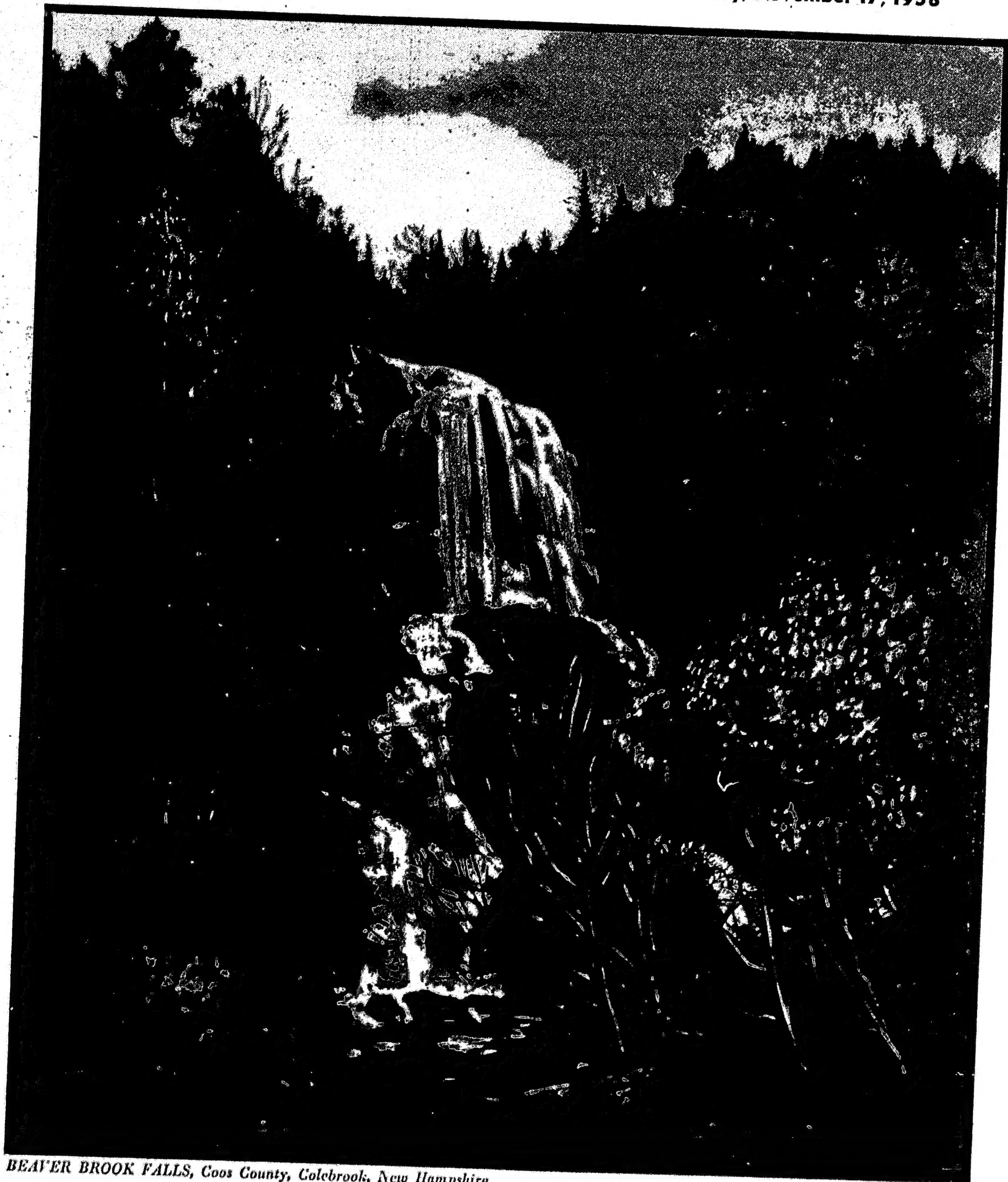
WEEKLY MAGAZINE SECTION

REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

BETHEL
Oxford County
CITIZEN

Bethel, Maine

Thursday, November 17, 1938



BEAVER BROOK FALLS, Coos County, Colebrook, New Hampshire

CHIP O' THE OLD BLOCK *by* Odetta Gover



Illustrated
by
SKRENDA

There was a complete misunderstanding when Ann walked out on her wealthy parents and into the arms of a poor but adoring young man . . . that is, there was — until Thanksgiving Day came around

She ought to tell them she was going back with them . . . Kent's eyes regarded her unflinchingly. Slowly Ann's heart calmed. "Kent is right," she said. "We are doing very well here, Father."

CHIP O' TH

a geranium. It's a mascot for our matrimonial adventure."

WHEN COOKING had become less of a mystery to her, Ann had more time to do other things. She pruned the roses, looking like a flower herself, and because Kent wanted her to she did the banking.

There was a sizable account in her maiden name at the bank at Lakehurst, but she didn't need it. When she thought of Lakehurst now it was with a slight feeling of condescension. Her father and mother hadn't answered her letter. The thought of their anger didn't frighten Ann any more. She could even feel a little sorry for them because they had forgotten what it was to love until nothing else mattered.

Days passed swiftly, golden days, gradually lengthening. It was midsummer. Ann sang one evening as she rearranged the flowers on the table. At the sound of the coupe in the driveway she ran to the back door. Kent came from the garage slowly. His face looked pale beneath his thatch of black hair. Ann thought compassionately that he was working too hard.

"You're late," she accused him. He stood for a moment in the doorway, just looking at her.

"I was in conference with the boss," he told her.

"I suppose he made you vice-president," smiled Ann. She was wondering if he would remember. It was just six months ago tonight that they were married. Six months . . . Kent's voice broke into her reverie.

"Ann, how much money have we got in the bank?"

He did remember!

"How much do you want?" she countered lightly.

"Enough," he said thickly, "to see us through if I take a lengthy vacation."

"Why, Kent?" She was suddenly apprehensive.

Probably it was the sympathy in her voice that did it, for his head sunk into

his arms. Instantly Ann was beside him. "Kent, honey," she whispered.

For a moment there was no sound but that of his sharp, painful drawing-in of breath. And then his voice came, ragged and tense, fraught with the realization of his failure and sudden, new-born humility.

"Ann . . . Ann . . . I'm just a crazy braggart. Always trying to let other people know how smart I am. Well, this time I was too darn smart."



KENT RECEIVED the wire from Los Angeles at noon. That night Ann Jordan lowered a suitcase carefully from a second-story window before going shakily down the stairs to meet him.

Four hours later they were married just across the Nevada line by a sleepy Justice of the Peace. Next morning they turned the battered coupe toward Los Angeles.

"What kind of a house do you want, Mrs. Taylor?" asked Kent.

"A white one," she said, her fears dispelled by the fresh beauty of the spring morning. "A little one with ruffled curtains at the windows . . . and roses in the garden . . . and a red geranium on the kitchen sill."

"You shall have it, Mrs. Taylor," promised Kent. He wasn't cocky. He was merely young and confident. He hadn't liked the idea of going to work for Ann's father. The little house in the shadow of the Jordan's Lakehurst mansion had pleased him even less. He had put it up to Ann.

"Honey," he said, "if you want to go right on being Ann Jordan after we're married, we'll stay here. But if you want to be Mrs. Kent Taylor, I'll wire that company Bob was telling me about."

Ann hadn't been hard to convince. She wished Kent had gotten the job sooner

and that Camilla Jordan hadn't already started on her trousseau, not to mention buying furniture . . . Resolutely she avoided thinking of her father. Twenty-five years ago Randall Jordan, then an impecunious young man of twenty-four, had eloped with Camilla Montgomery, daughter of the town's wealthiest citizen. But Ann had a feeling that his only daughter's eloping with Kent Taylor would be quite a different matter, and Randall Jordan would have a lusty manner of describing such deception.

The first day in Los Angeles they found the white bungalow with the roses in the garden. The second day Kent went to work at Silverwood's, the largest department store in the city. He came home in the evening bursting with things to tell.

"Don't worry," he informed Ann with a bit of a swagger. "They'll never be able to do without me again. Give me ten years and I'll own the joint."

"Of course you will," Ann agreed, and believed it.

When they had been married a month Kent brought her an anniversary present, a red geranium in a red pot. Sitting on a stool, blissfully munching a cookie, he directed the placing of it on the kitchen sill.

"That, madam," he said, "is no longer

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Priscilla
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Queen Mar
Cleopatra

by
**ODETTA
GOVER**

Bit by bit she got the story. It wasn't so bad as she had at first imagined. Mr. Silverwood was sorry, but he had thought Kent understood that the job was only temporary.

Over omelet and coffee next morning Kent outlined his plans for the day. He was going to see King Lakely and give him a few tips that would enable him to put it all over Silverwood's.

"Poor advertising. That's what's the matter with Lakely's," he told her. "They'll be glad to give me an interest in the business after they've listened to me."

When he was gone, Ann washed the dishes and baked an apple pie. It came out of the oven, golden-brown and flaked. She hummed as she placed it on the window sill. And then she noticed the geranium. Undoubtedly it drooped. The sight disturbed her even though she knew it was only the summer heat that had done it.

SUMMER passed in a haze of heat and dust and dying leaves. Kent got two weeks' work in an uptown store and sev-

"What are you doing driving the car?" he asked shortly. "Don't you know it costs money?"

Ann was so surprised that she almost dropped her packages.

"But I only went to the market," she stammered.

"It's not far," he rasped. "You could have walked."

Ann grasped the bundles a little tighter to steady herself. The angry pallor of Kent's face slowly turned to red—and sheepishness. His eyes wavered.

"I'll put the car in the garage," he said.

Ann carried her packages into the house, her cheeks flaming with hurt and resentment. Perhaps Kent thought it was fun for her, staying at home, scrimping and saving. Perhaps he thought she liked to... Almost hysterically she stopped herself. Nothing had really happened. Kent was tired and discouraged and he hadn't meant what he said. Already he was sorry.

A few days later Kent called her on a friendly neighbor's phone. His voice was eager and excited.

"Listen, honey," he fairly shouted, "have we got enough money to put on a feed tonight?"

"A what?" asked Ann.

"A feed," said Kent. "It's this way. I've just met Jim Lakely, an old fraternity pal of mine, and guess what? He's a son of King Lakely! I'd like to bring him out tonight because—well, you never can tell."

JIM LAKELEY proved to be an engaging young man with a debonaire manner. Ann found herself liking him, liking too the sight of Kent's face smiling naturally, beaming as he reminisced with Jim Lakely.

"I just got back from Paris two days ago," Jim Lakely was saying. "I'm an awful disappointment to Dad. He wants me to settle down and learn the business."

Thanksgiving Day

REMINISCENCE: From Last Year's Diary

Today, Thanksgiving Day, and thought of a good prayer to say before eating. Like this:

"We thank thee, O God, for this food that lies before us. We thank Thee that we are able to reach out and touch the hand of the one next to us. We thank Thee, O God, for those many things which we often take for granted; for we can hear, we can see, we can walk."

"O God, bless our nation, and help us to return to those characteristics of our Pilgrim Fathers who suffered so many bleak and desolate winters at Plymouth Colony. Help us, O God, to realize that Christianity and Church are the bulwark of the American nation, the foundation of its freedom, its hopes, its happiness."

"Help us, O God, always to come to Thee for confidence and courage and hope. And as we thank Thee on this Thanksgiving Day for the many blessings we have enjoyed during the year gone by, help us to devote at least one day every week to worshipping in Thy Church."

But, alas, arrived at the family gathering, became flabbergasted, came up with something like "God Bless Our Happy Home."

by J. NORMAN WEBER

Jim Lakely laughed. "I'll tell Dad what you said. If I could sell him on you maybe he'd let me alone."

Long after Kent was asleep that night Ann lay awake, her shoulder against his. She wondered if he had noticed the cal-

By five o'clock the rain had slacked a little.

"Ann," The lines about Kent's mouth were grim. "Ann, I think I'll go up-town for a while."

He got his hat and started out the door and then, as if he had just remembered something, he turned back.

"If any calls come for me, Ann," he said, "take the message."

But no calls came.

NEXT MORNING the world turned a wet, glistening cheek to a smiling sun. As she cut stale bread and laid out plates for breakfast, Ann thought grimly that today she was going to have it out with Kent. She steeled herself as he sat down at the table, helped himself to the sugar and looked about for the cream.

"No cream," said Ann. "He took a piece of toast and picked up his knife."

"No butter," said Ann. "He laid the knife down."

"I just remembered the date," he said. "What are we having for dinner?"

Suddenly Ann felt herself going to

Continued On Page 12

THE OLD BLOCK

oral promises to keep him in mind. He carried his swagger with him now like a cloak and developed parsimonious habits—leaving the coupe at home and taking a sandwich in his pocket. Ann was grateful that he let her handle the bank account. Occasionally she padded it a little with money she had had before they were married. But she didn't tell Kent.

He came home early one day to find Ann and the coupe gone. He was sitting on the steps when she drove in.

"Why not?" Ann tried to say it casually. "Kent says Lakely's is the best department store in town. All but the advertising."

"Kent would notice the advertising," he said. "As I remember, he used to fritter away most of his time with such things. What have you been doing for yourself lately, Kent?"

"I was showing Silverwood's how to advertise until they got so good they did not need me," he said.

endar. This was Monday... no, it was Tuesday now, she thought, and Thursday was Thanksgiving. She had dreaded Thanksgiving this year, but it didn't matter now. Jim Lakely was going to call them Wednesday.

Wednesday the rain that fell so steadily outside had become something of an ill omen for their fast-disappearing hopes.

"It's a good thing we had plenty of left-overs," said Ann at noon.

TOWN QUIZ: STIMULATING MENTAL CONTEST FOR ALL THE FAMILY

CREDIT yourself with 1 point for each question answered correctly. 10 is considered average, 12 good and 14 or more excellent. Answers are on page 6.

1—In which of the following sentences is the word "alienist" used correctly?

- (a) An alienist spends his life in foreign countries.
(b) An alienist makes a habit of antagonizing people.
(c) An alienist is skilled in treatments for insanity.

2—Gotham is the nickname for the city of...

- Chicago St. Paul
New York Detroit

3—An instrument which indicates atmospheric pressure is a...

- barometer thermometer
hydrometer tachometer

4—Can you match the names of these women with the men they loved?

- Priscilla John
Queen Elizabeth Earl of Essex
Queen Mary Antony
Cleopatra Earl of Bothwell

5—In the language of aviation a "grease monkey" is a...

- navigator dispatcher
meteorologist mechanic

6—The Curtis Cup is the award in which of these sports:

- tennis golf
swimming hockey

7—The mumble-jumble mar. went to a party and danced with four of the girls there. Their names were...

- TERBAGIE EGIVENEEV
RRAABBA RGTEMAAR

8—With nursery rhymes being converted into "swing" songs, it's time for every one to brush up. "Rub-a-dub-dub" should recall those three men in a tub. Can you name them?

9—Which of the following are true; which false?

- (a) The 19th Amendment repealed prohibition.
(b) The first five books of the Old Testament are known as the Torah or Pentateuch.
(c) A gourmand is one who takes special delight in scolding.

10—"Anna Karenina" is a famous novel written by...

- Dostoyefsky Chekhov
Tolstoy Gorki

11—Here's another chance to brush up on your spelling. Which of these words are incorrect?

- counterfeit tendancy
temperature athelete

12—Now check your grammar. Correct the following sentences:

- (a) Every one took their seat.
(b) Give the package to whomever calls for it.
(c) If I was you I would go.

13—The capital of Nevada is...

- Reno
Tonopah
Carson City
Las Vegas

14—A marmoset is a...

- statuo dance
food monkey

15—Venison is the meat of...

- beac deer
rabbtt grouse

16—In which of these great novels did the French Revolution play an important part?

- Ivanhoe
Les Miserables
A Tale of Two Cities
The Three Musketeers

17—The European country which is shaped like a boot is...

- Denmark
Portugal
Italy
Sweden

18—Another word for temerity is...

- fear
rashness
speed
luck

19—Kohlrabi is a kind of...

- fuel
fur
canine disease
cabbage

20—The story of Peer Gynt was put to music by...

- Schubert Chopin
Grieg Wagner

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Part three of a breath-taking story
of the adventures of a big game
hunter and a newspaperman in search
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THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH

SYNOPSIS — A huge black something sweeps across Loch Lare in the Scottish Highlands and a postman, rowing with letters to a castle on a little island owned by Martin Benson, disappears in the swirling waters. Peter Hayton of the Daily Courier is one of the newspapermen sent to the scene of the tragedy. Jonathan Jow, who has solved other mysteries for Hayton, accompanies him to Scotland, having received a telegram from Martin Benson saying that the people of the neighborhood believe that the postman has been a victim, and not the first one, of a monster inhabiting the lake. Benson wants Jow, noted as a big game hunter, to investigate and issue a statement dispelling the disturbing rumor. On the train a sawn-faced stranger named Oppermann, speaks to Hayton and Jow. "Mention of the name Benson interested me," he says. "I know a good deal about him." When he leaves, Jonathan Jow says, "He's a killer." Peter and Jow are rowed out to the castle. They find it has been owned by David Norway, a scientist who believed that prehistoric monsters could be brought back to earth. After dinner, there is a strange, sucking noise in the darkness outside, followed by the scream of a terrified woman. Rushing outside, Hayton finds it is Jill Johnson, reporter for a London newspaper. She is told she must go back to the mainland, but answers with a shudder, "I couldn't go back to-night—there's something awful in the water, there!"

PART THREE

FOR THE first time since Jill Johnson appeared, Jonathan Jow spoke.

"Then it was you who screamed?" he asked quietly.

Jill nodded.

"Why?" asked Benson harshly.

"Because I saw something slimy, something horrible, roll silently out of the water like a dead body," she whispered.

"I'm going to row you back to the village myself," I said gruffly.

"Peter, I'm not bluffing you. I'm scared of the loch. And I really did see a monster."

"Under the circumstances, Hayton," Benson said, "it seems a little harsh to send the lady back tonight. I think we could arrange a spare room which—"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Benson. You're a darling," broke in Jill sweetly.

But Martin Benson was not looking at her. He was gazing at the black surface of Loch Lare with a troubled look in his eyes. I followed his gaze, but could see nothing.

When I turned, Jill Johnson had disappeared. And so had Jonathan Jow. The long-limbed big game hunter had led her into the dining room and was chat-

I turned to Martin Benson.

"I'm sure it will save a lot of trouble if I row her back to the village tonight," I suggested.

"No," he said shortly.

There was a tone of command in his voice.

JONATHAN JOW sprawled in an easy chair in my bedroom. It was nearly midnight.

"What have you discovered?" I asked eagerly.

"Very little," he admitted. "A

brought us down here to disprove the story."

"Exactly," nodded Jonathan Jow. "And why should he be so anxious for us to disprove it?"

"Isn't it obvious?" I asked.

"All this wild talk in the village, people refusing to row a boat across the loch at night, and a lot of newspapermen sent here like myself because a news editor suspects murder."

"I'm not sure that it isn't murder," said Jonathan Jow.

of Scotland seem queer to me."

"Maybe a whim of Martin Benson," I suggested.

"But he's not a sailor, my dear boy; he's a crook."

"There's one man who could explain something of this mystery," I said.

The leonine white head nodded.

"Oppermann, I know. But he's a crook too. And he has some real private reasons for remaining silent. No, we won't



As one of the men moved away I realized what they were bending over . . . it was the body of a man!

queer mixture of people and things which cannot be fitted into a scheme. Let us consider the mixture. It includes eggs from Kerguelen Island, a crack-brained scientist, a body found curiously crushed on the beach, another body that hasn't been found at all, our mysterious confidant of the train, Oppermann, Martin Benson, and a girl's scream in the night.

"You needn't bother about a girl's scream," I said. "That was Jill Johnson play-acting."

"Nevertheless, I noticed you were the one to rush bravely to her assistance," smiled Jonathan Jow.

I felt a flush mounting my cheeks.

"That scream would have taken any one in."

Jonathan Jow nodded.

"It took me in," he said.

I laughed knowingly at Jow.

I stared at him in amazement.

"Who is the sensationalist now?" I queried sarcastically.

"Suppose Martin Benson was afraid of newspaper publicity. Wouldn't it be a bold stroke to invite someone to Lare Castle, ourselves for example, and hope, by some cold, unemotional statement that the monster was a pure myth of the imagination, to dispel all this publicity?"

"It would," I agreed. "But then, isn't it natural for Martin Benson, a Scottish laird, to try to avoid publicity?"

Jonathan Jow shook his head.

"No. Because he isn't a Scottish laird. There's a more sinis-

get anything out of Oppermann—yet."

"Finally," I said slowly, "there's the monster."

"Yes, there's the monster. Once we—" He stopped and bent his head in an attitude of listening. I held my breath. "Do you hear anything?" he asked.

I rose, intending to go to the window and draw aside the heavy curtains. But Jonathan Jow stopped me with outstretched hand.

"No," he whispered. "Put out the candles first."

Quickly I obeyed. In a few seconds the room was in pitch darkness.

"Now draw the curtains slowly."

I felt the steel-like fingers of Jonathan Jow grip my arm.

"Do you hear it now?"

I listened intently. At first it was the thumping of my own heart which seemed to resound throughout the room. Then the rhythm of the beat took on a new note. Chug . . . chug . . .

"A motor launch on the loch," I whispered.

He nodded, and glanced at the gleaming dial of his wrist watch.

"And the time is 20 minutes past midnight. The moon will be up in another quarter of an hour. Then we shall be able to see everything on the loch."

"I can't see a thing now," I whispered.

"That's why they're at work," he said.

Then the steel grasp tightened still more.

"Look!"

Then something lifted out of the black water, something that gleamed in a strange manner. I saw a gigantic round head, glistening and dripping with water. And goggled eyes turned slowly in our direction as though scenting watchers in the castle. The head swayed slowly to and fro. Then it began to move towards the shore. I saw a slimy, dripping, gray body begin to lift from the water.

I almost screamed as there came a sudden thundering knock at the door in the darkness behind.

"You fool!" snarled Jonathan Jow, drawing the curtains with a quick gesture.

That thundering knock came again. A voice called out.

"Mr. Jow . . . Mr. Jow, are you there?"

"Light the candles," whispered Jonathan Jow.

Trembling, I hastened to obey. Even as I turned, Jonathan Jow had opened the door.

MARTIN BENSON in pajamas and dressing gown stood there, a candlestick in his hand. There was anxiety on his face, which disappeared when he saw the familiar lithe figure of the big game hunter.

"Mr. Jow," he said, "I'm sorry to disturb you. But I had just entered your room and found it unoccupied. I had a sudden fear that something might have happened."

Jonathan Jow laughed and flicked the ash from his cheroot.

"Good heavens, no. What should happen?"

"Nothing . . . er . . . nothing," replied Benson. There was a suspicious gleam in his dark eyes. "But you must be very tired. I think you ought to turn in."

Once again I sensed the suspicion of a command in his voice. But Jonathan Jow had yawned again.

"You're right, Benson. I am tired. And this young man has been keeping me awake with his wild yarns." He nodded casually to me. "Good night, my boy."

Then the door closed on me and I heard the two men walk along the gallery to the room next door. The moment they had gone, I flung back the curtains from the window. Nothing but darkness lay beyond.

For over an hour I lay on my bed unable to sleep. Then the fatigue of the day must have overcome me, for I awoke with a start to find a hand over my mouth in the darkness.

"Don't be alarmed," whispered the familiar voice of Jonathan Jow. "Put on your dressing gown and follow me."

His tall, lithe figure was elongated in the darkness. I saw that the moon had risen, and a silver pool flooded the floor.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Downstairs," he whispered. When we reached the dining

by W. J. MAKIN

PETER AND SUE by BEULAH FRANCE, R. N.

PETER SUFFERS A SPRAINED ANKLE
PLAYING FOOTBALL

"HOW'S THE FOOTBALL practice, Peter?"

Peter took off his helmet and rubbed a smudgy hand across his wet forehead.

"Swell, Dad. Want to see how far I can kick?" Peter threw the football into the air and aimed his toe at it as it came toward earth again. "Shucks," he said in disgust as the foot and the ball missed connections. "But I really can kick most times. I'll try again."

He picked up the ball, threw it up, and this time he kicked it. He kicked it so hard that he lost his balance, stumbled and fell heavily down to the ground.

"Ouch," he cried, as he tried to jump up. "Ohi Ouch! Say, Dad, something's the matter with this ankle."

He sat up and clasped his left foot between his two hands. "Geel Ouch! Oh boy, my ankle! It pains so!"

His father stepped quickly forward and bent over to see what was wrong. The injured part already was beginning to swell up.

"Why, why," the doctor hesitated as he carefully felt the lower part of Peter's leg.

"It was that stone there," Peter explained. "I didn't see it, and I slipped and stumbled on it. Say, Dad, that ankle sure hurts!"

"I know it does, Peter. At first I was afraid it was broken, but it's just a bad sprain. You gave it a terrible wrench. No—don't try to get up. Standing on it right now would be a dangerous thing to do."

"What's the matter, Peter?" The teacher who also was football coach had come across the field. "Hello, Dr. Stewart; Peter hurt?"

"He fell and sprained his ankle just now. Nothing serious, I guess, but I want him to keep off it until I can fix it up for him. If you'll help me lift him—"

"Oh, Dad," said Peter embarrassed, "I can get up all right!"

"Indeed not," the coach protested. "You're a football man now, and they always know better than to try to stand up on a sprained ankle. They're carried off the field in almost every game. This will make you a hero!"

"But I wasn't playing in a game," objected Peter. "I was only showing Dad how I could kick."

"Here," said Dr. Stewart, addressing the teacher, "we'll make a chair of our clasped hands for him. He's sitting up; we will each pass one arm about his back just under his armpits—that's right. Put your hand on my shoulder, Mr. Neville, and I'll put my hand on yours. That makes a back for you to lean against, Peter."

"Now," he said to the teacher, "slip your other arm under his knees. That's right. Clasp my forearm above the wrist and I'll clasp yours. That's perfect."

"Okay. Now, son, throw an arm over each of our shoulders. There you are. Here we go." As the two men very slowly stood up, they brought Peter right along with them.

"Whew!" laughed Peter. "I seem to be awfully high up! Is this the way the injured players are carried off the field?"

"Not always," replied the teacher. "Some are injured so badly that they can't sit up this way. Then they have to be carried while they lie straight out."

"On a stretcher?" asked Peter. (He had seen patients brought to his father's office in that way.)

"If a stretcher is handy, yes. If not—for instance, here, we have no stretcher—"

"Then what would you do if I couldn't sit up?" Peter interrupted. (They were moving slowly now toward Dr. Stewart's car.)

"Well, we'd put our arms beneath you and carry you lying flat. Your father and I would

Continued On Page 14

USE TACT AND UNDERSTANDING
IN TEACHING YOUNGSTER

SEVERAL children had been over to play on a rainy afternoon. After they went, mother told little Judy to pick up the toys which they had left carelessly. A house of blocks lay scattered. A doll lay on its face in a chair.

Judy hesitated. Her mother thought the child was reneging. Actually she was puzzled. If mother had said, "Pick up your doll first and put it away," it would have been easy to obey. The room was in such a state of confusion that Judy did not know where to begin.

"If you think I'm going to pick up for you this time, you're very much mistaken," mother scolded. Judy half-heartedly picked up a block, dropped it in to the toy bin and sat down.

"I'm tired," she whined.

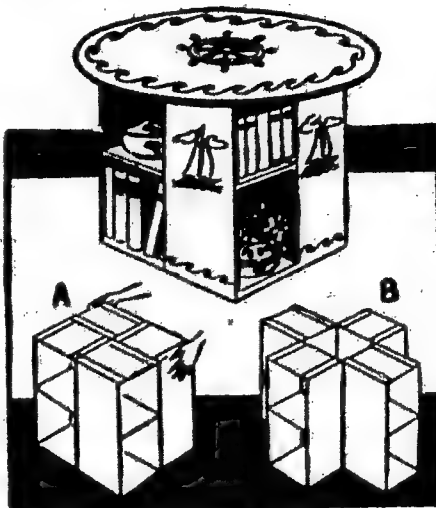
"Very well, sit there and rest, and I'll do the picking-up. But," mother threatened angrily, "I'm not going to put up with such a mess again. This is the last time your friends can come over here to play."

Judy calmly let mother do the work. It is true that children soon will let mother do all the

picking-up if that is the way she wants it.

If a child asserts weariness, a wise mother does not dispute it, but will not relieve him of all responsibility in the matter. She says, "I'll help. You can start putting the blocks away." To interest the child, she might say that the toys were cows waiting to be put into the barn for the night. When all has been put away, she comments on the orderly condition of the room, praising the child.

It is unfair to expect a child to do all the picking-up after company. Mother should ask his playmates, before they go, to put away the toys they used. Be consistent. After a few times it won't be necessary to tell them what they have to do. Habits are formed by repetition, and all children have a way of behaving as expected.

YOUR CHILD
by
JANE H. GOWARDHOME SERVICE
Make Novel Gifts
For Christmas

WHO WOULDN'T enjoy a gift as attractive as this little book-rack table, just right for a cheerful cup of tea in living room or sun parlor!

And so easy to make! Fit four boxes together as in Figure A, or leave a hollow square in the center as in Figure B. Nail thin strips of wood across bottom to hold boxes together.

For the table top, cut a round or square piece of thin 3-ply wood to extend 3 or 4 inches beyond the boxes.

Now you're ready to sand-paper boxes and top, to apply a coat of flat white paint. When that's dry, nail top in place, enamel the whole table. Then trace on a graceful design from a magazine picture, or use a stencil. Your color scheme? Black, white and green. Or use colors in your room as an inspiration if you are making it for yourself.

GIFTS YOU make yourself are always appreciated. Some friend would love a gourd lamp base or a pretty belt. Our thirty-two page booklet tells you how to make these and many other gift novelties. It contains directions for making ribbon lamp shade, cellophane napkin cases, hand puppets for the youngsters and many other novel gifts. Get ready for Santa Claus early!

Send ten cents for your copy of Booklet 110, "Hand-Made Gift Novelties," to TOWN, Home Service Bureau, P. O. Box 921, Rochester, N. Y.

PROFILES . . .

Fred Stone

AT SIXTY-FIVE Fred Stone is still starring on the stage . . . What's more, he's still going strong, and he's still a grand trouper . . . At present he is playing the lead role in the great hit of some years back, "Lightnin'" . . . Stone was born in Valmont, Colorado, a town which no longer exists . . . He started as a boy on a road show and carnival and did a "five-a-day" in the sawdust rings . . . He formed a team with Montgomery that endured for twenty years . . . In 1904 he played the part of the Straw Man in "The Wizard of Oz" and met Allene Crater who played the Lady Lunatic . . . Two years later they were married . . . Stone played in every large city in the United States and Europe . . . He was a very close friend of the late Will Rogers.

MODERN WOMEN by MARIAN MAYS MARTIN

DON'T TRY TO FOOL YOUR FRIENDS
ABOUT YOUR AGE

THIS IS AN AGE of revelations, an age of frankness that shuns hypocrisy. Women tell all they know about themselves—except the date of their birth. That is the one secret they refuse to share. Considering how skeptical the world is about a woman's word when it comes to her age, I do not blame her for refusing to give it.

The girl who says she was 21 on her last birthday is seldom given credit for telling the truth. There is always some one who will say, "Of course, if she admits to 21; she certainly is older." The women who take this view, of course, are the ones who would never dream of telling the truth about their own age. Women were like that for years—and still are. But they don't get away with telling little white lies about it any more.

The woman who drives her own car has her age recorded on her driver's license. The woman who has a passport has hers, too, and since she had to go to the trouble of getting her birth certificate, it isn't easy, if indeed possible, for her to change the date to suit herself.

But does it matter? Yes it does; it matters not only to women but also to men. Men, whether one realizes it or not, are just as apt to evade a direct answer to the question, or to give an untruthful one. It isn't always vanity; it's protection. It is no secret that the job-hunter of forty has a harder time landing a job than one of thirty. This is a man's excuse, if he needs any, for refusing to admit his right age. And it's often a woman's real reason too, although the world charges her with being vain as well as deceitful.

One has to be very wily, however, in order to be untruthful about one's age and make it stick. There are so many ways to check up. The best method is, therefore, to refuse to be fed in to any downright statement about when one was born.

Europeans charge up our fetish for youth to inexperience, and claim that it is a characteristic American viewpoint and one which amuses the more sophisticated races. No one should think of a person's age, they claim, and I am inclined to agree. An insatiable curiosity about the age of our friends is rather silly considering that the world is filled with Peter Pans who never grew up and young men and women who were old in the cradle—old souls, if you prefer.

Whether one is old or young depends largely on the age of the person who is doing the estimating. To a child, all grown-ups are old. Twenty-five is old, not so old as sixty, but definitely grouped with old people. One knows enough at twenty-five to know that age is relative, like nearly everything else one comes to judge.

By the simple process of ignoring birthdays, never calling attention to them, some very sage folk believe that they have the problem licked. To some extent they have. The years roll around but, by not calling attention to them, they are less obvious.

The date of one's birth is one's own affair. It is absurd to fib about it. If you don't want people to know how old you are, just refuse to tell your age unless circumstances demand it, in which case by all means tell the truth.

Don't forget, if you are caught trying to fool somebody about your age, whether he is just a friend or a prospective employer, his opinion of you will be decidedly lowered.

Though he may not say anything to you openly, he will have you catalogued in his mind as not only a vain person, but an untruthful one as well.

Remember, it is not really our birthdays, but rather our experiences which age us, and that youth is not something of the body but of the mind.

FABLES HAVE SERVED MANY ENDS
SINCE ANCIENT TIMES

CHILDREN of Europe, America and elsewhere have long delighted in reading of the dog in the manger, the fox and the lion, the wolf in sheep's clothing, and other fabled creatures of Aesop. Outside of Biblical tales, such fables are probably the most universally known tales in Western civilization. Most of the fables we attribute to Aesop of the sixth century before Christ were really written much later by Phaedrus, a freedman of Augustus, in the early part of the first century.

Ancient India was the home of fables. Human beings were thought to become incarnate in animals, and therefore animals could on occasion speak. At first the fables were just folk tales to amuse. Then among Buddhists they became lessons in morals. The Greeks later developed fables for political satire.

Certain virtues and vices were associated with special animals. The lion personified courage; the wolf, greed; the fox, cunning (hence our term, "foxiness"); and the lamb, innocence (significantly "Lamb of God" in Christian imagery). Thus fables have long served as first lessons in moral abstraction.

The earliest fables had animals for spokesmen, but later, trees and plants appeared and sometimes legendary persons and even philosophical abstractions. Fables are told by characters in the sacred writings of the Buddhists, Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans. In the Bible, King Jehoshaphat tells a fable of a thistle and a cedar (2 Kings 14:9). In Judges (9:8-15) is the fable of the trees choosing a king.

Some modern expressions come from the fables. We apply "dog-in-the-manger attitude" to those who cannot enjoy something themselves yet prevent others from the enjoyment.

The expression, "a wolf in sheep's clothing," used to describe some deceitful persons, is also from an old fable.

OLD CUSTOMS
by
L. H. W.

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TOWN WEEKLY MAGAZINE SECTION

Part three of a breath-taking story of the adventures of a big game hunter and a newspaperman in search of the secret of mysterious Loch Lare, whose murky waters are rumored to be the haunt of a murderous monster

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Jill nodded.

"Why?" asked Benson harshly.

"Because I saw something slimy, something horrible, roll silently out of the water like a dead body," she whispered.

"I'm going to row you back to the village myself," I said gruffly.

"Peter, I'm not bluffing you. I'm scared of the loch. And I really did see a monster."

"Under the circumstances, Hayton," Benson said, "it seems a little harsh to send the lady back tonight. I think we could arrange a spare room which—"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Benson. You're a darling," broke in Jill sweetly.

But Martin Benson was not looking at her. He was gazing at the black surface of Loch Lare with a troubled look in his eyes. I followed his gaze, but could see nothing.

When I turned, Jill Johnson had disappeared. And so had Jonathan Jow. The long-limbed big game hunter had led her in- to the dining room and was chat- ing with her.

I turned to Martin Benson.

"I'm sure it will save a lot of trouble if I row her back to the village tonight," I suggested.

"No," he said shortly.

There was a tone of command in his voice.

JONATHAN JOW sprawled in an easy chair in my bedroom. It was nearly midnight.

"What have you discovered?" I asked eagerly.

"Very little," he admitted. "A

brought us down here to disprove the story."

"Exactly," nodded Jonathan Jow. "And why should he be so anxious for us to disprove it?"

"Isn't it obvious?" I asked.

"All this wild talk in the village, people refusing to row a boat across the loch at night, and a lot of newspapermen sent here like myself because a news editor suspects murder."

"I'm not sure that it isn't murder," said Jonathan Jow.

of Scotland seem queer to me."

"Maybe a whim of Martin Benson," I suggested.

"But he's not a sailor, my dear boy; he's a crook."

"There's one man who could explain something of this mystery," I said.

The leonine white head nodded.

"Oppermann, I know. But he's a crook too. And he has some real private reasons for remaining silent. No, we won't



As one of the men moved away I realized what they were bending over . . . it was the body of a man!

queer mixture of people and things which cannot be fitted into a scheme. Let us consider the mixture. It includes eggs from Kerguelen Island, a crack-brained scientist, a body found curiously crushed on the beach, another body that hasn't been found at all, our mysterious confidant of the train, Oppermann, Martin Benson, and a girl's scream in the night.

"You needn't bother about a girl's scream," I said. "That was Jill Johnson play-acting."

"Nevertheless, I noticed you were the one to rush bravely to her assistance," smiled Jonathan Jow.

I felt a flush mounting my cheeks.

"That scream would have taken any one in."

Jonathan Jow nodded.

"It took me in," he said.

I laughed knowingly at Jow.

I stared at him in amazement. "Who is the sensationalist now?" I queried sarcastically.

"Suppose Martin Benson was afraid of newspaper publicity. Wouldn't it be a bold stroke to invite someone to Lare Castle, ourselves for example, and hope, by some cold, unemotional statement that the monster was a pure myth of the imagination, to dispel all this publicity?"

"It would," I agreed. "But then, isn't it natural for Martin Benson, a Scottish laird, to try to avoid publicity?"

Jonathan Jow shook his head. "No. Because he isn't a Scottish laird. There's a more sinis-

get anything out of Oppermann—yet."

"Finally," I said slowly, "there's the monster."

"Yes, there's the monster. Once we—" He stopped and bent his head in an attitude of listening. I held my breath. "Do you hear anything?" he asked.

I rose, intending to go to the window and draw aside the heavy curtains. But Jonathan Jow stopped me with outstretched hand.

"No," he whispered. "Put out the candles first."

Quickly I obeyed. In a few seconds the room was in pitch darkness.

"Now draw the curtains slowly."

I felt the steel-like fingers of Jonathan Jow grip my arm.

"Do you hear it now?" I listened intently. At first it was the thumping of my own heart which seemed to resound throughout the room. Then the rhythm of the beat took on a new note. Chug . . . chug . . .

"A motor launch on the loch," I whispered.

He nodded, and glanced at the gleaming dial of his wrist watch. "And the time is 20 minutes past midnight. The moon will be up in another quarter of an hour. Then we shall be able to see everything on the loch."

"I can't see a thing now," I whispered.

"That's why they're at work," he said.

Then the steel grasp tightened still more.

"Look!"

Then something lifted out of the black water, something that gleamed in a strange manner. I saw a gigantic round head, glistening and dripping with water. And goggled eyes turned slowly in our direction as though scenting watchers in the castle. The head swayed slowly to and fro. Then it began to move towards the shore. I saw a slimy, dripping, gray body begin to lift from the water.

I almost screamed as there came a sudden thundering knock at the door in the darkness behind.

"You fool!" snarled Jonathan Jow, drawing the curtains with a quick gesture.

That thundering knock came again. A voice called out.

"Mr. Jow! . . . Mr. Jow, are you there?"

"Light the candles," whispered Jonathan Jow.

Trembling, I hastened to obey. Even as I turned, Jonathan Jow had opened the door.

MARTIN BENSON in pajamas and dressing gown stood there, a candlestick in his hand. There was anxiety on his face, which disappeared when he saw the familiar lithe figure of the big game hunter.

"Mr. Jow," he said, "I'm sorry to disturb you. But I had just entered your room and found it unoccupied. I had a sudden fear that something might have happened."

Jonathan Jow laughed and flicked the ash from his cheroot.

"Good heavens, no. What should happen?"

"Nothing . . . or . . . nothing," replied Benson. There was a suspicious gleam in his dark eyes. "But you must be very tired. I think you ought to turn in."

Once again I sensed the suspicion of a command in his voice. But Jonathan Jow had yawned again.

"You're right, Benson. I am tired." And this young man has been keeping me awake with his wild yarns. He nodded casually to me. "Good night, my boy."

Then the door closed on me and I heard the two men walk along the gallery to the room next door. The moment they had gone, I flung back the curtains from the window. Nothing but darkness lay beyond.

For over an hour I lay on my bed unable to sleep. Then the fatigue of the day must have overcome me, for I awoke with a start to find a hand over my mouth in the darkness.

"Don't be alarmed," whispered the familiar voice of Jonathan Jow. "Put on your dressing gown and follow me."

His tall, lithe figure was elongated in the darkness. I saw that the moon had risen, and a silver pool flooded the floor.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Downstairs," he whispered.

When we reached the dining

by W. J. MAKIN

room, Jonathan Jow stopped to listen. I gave a quick glance at my wrist watch. It was 2 a. m. We passed through a doorway hidden by a curtain, and I felt the dank atmosphere of the loch chilling my body. The next moment I realized we were descending a flight of stone steps. "Quiet!" cautioned Jonathan Jow. "Take off your slippers and walk in your bare feet."

We were in a narrow passage which seemed at some time to have been flooded by the waters of Loch Lare. For one horrible moment I wondered if we were creeping towards the secret haunt of the monster of the loch.

Ahead of us a yellow beam of light cut the ceiling. In the darkness through which we proceeded cautiously it had an eerie appearance.

"Whatever you may see," he whispered to me, "don't speak or cry out!"

And then I noticed that the beam of yellow light was glowing amidst the leonine head of white hair. The light came from a small square glass window in the wall, and Jonathan Jow was slowly raising himself to peer into the light.

I followed his example. My hands touched the wall, and I realized that we were facing another door, one which was flush with the wall and tightly closed. The heavy glass window fitted into the door, and through this we both peered at a strange scene.

It appeared to be a hermetically sealed chamber, brilliantly lit with several incandescent lamps.

The walls were bare and white-washed, except on one side where there was a curious array of dials.

Three men were grouped in the center of this room. Occasionally their heads lifted, and they gazed at the dials facing them on the wall. I saw the black fingers of needles quivering against the white dials, and as I peered in, bewildered at this scene, I became aware of a strange hissing sound.

TOWN COVER:

BEAVER BROOK FALLS

Coos County

COLEBROOK, N. H.

Typical of the natural beauty abounding in and around Colebrook, New Hampshire, is Beaver Brook Falls. Near this spot, Metallak, last of the Coos-sh-aukes Indians, is said to have stood every morning, facing Beaver Brook Falls, and "looking over the top of the running water, faced the east and the rising sun, with Molly, his wife, standing beside him on "The Pulpit."

"Moll's Rock," on the shores of Lake Umbagog, named after her, marks the spot where Molly was buried.

"The Pulpit" is a mound standing today just as it was when erected by the Indians. In the form of a church altar, it was used for worship for many years.

Metallak and Molly lived a simple wandering life, fishing and hunting. Metallak was known to many parties of sportsmen for whom he served as guide.

Colebrook, on the Connecticut River, is a popular summer resort. A state fish hatchery is located here.

ONE OF THE figures straightened and walked towards the wall to get a closer view of the dials. It was Martin Benson, still clad in pajamas and dressing gown.

But as he moved away from the others, I realized what they were bending over. It was the body of a man. Trousers covered his legs, but from his waist the man was bare. And he lay there, a dead thing.

The hissing noise increased. Martin Benson turned away from the dials. He seemed to

stare toward the door and at our two faces pressed against the heavy glass. Instinctively I shrank back. Then I realized that he could not possibly see us. I looked again.

Another of the figures turned toward us. I saw it was the doctor whom we had met that afternoon at the village post office, Dr. Andrews. He was commanding the other figure over the body to do something. But not a whisper of a word reached us. Only that insistent hissing sound.

The third man changed his position. It was as I had guessed—Finch, the butler. They were working on the body in the fashion used to restore a person from drowning.

The doctor shook his head and gazed doubtfully at the needles quivering against the dials. Then he spoke another command to the two men. Finch raised the head of the body. I caught a glimpse of the face and shivered. It was the face of the surly, powerful man who had taken us across the loch in the motor launch. But although all life seemed to have gone out of it, there was a look of frozen horror on the surly features. The eyes were wide open and staring.

LIKE DUMB actors, the three men mouthed at each other. Then I thought I detected a quiver, a tremble on the face of that staring, horrible body.

The three workers redoubled their energies. The hissing sound was dribbling away. And then the whole body quivered. Abruptly the body raised itself.

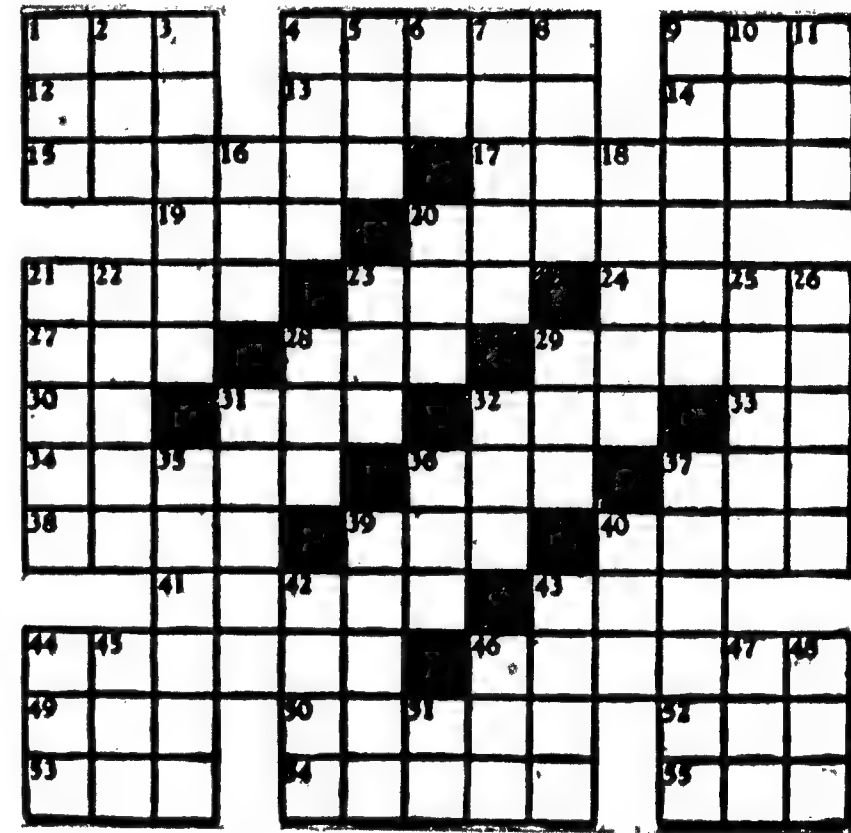
The man was shouting, screaming. And yet not a word reached us as we stood outside the sealed chamber. The horror of the scene was intensified by its dumb show. The man was trying desperately to rise from the prone position in which he found himself, and the other three men were struggling to hold him down. I saw Finch brutally strike the man on the jaw. He fell prone again.

I saw Dr. Andrews busy with a hypodermic and a small bottle. He approached the prone man and plunged the needle into his arm.

NEXT WEEK:

A Strange, Mad Scientist
Enters the Mystery
Of the Loch

CROSS WORD PUZZLE



SOLUTION NEXT WEEK 7

HORIZONTAL:

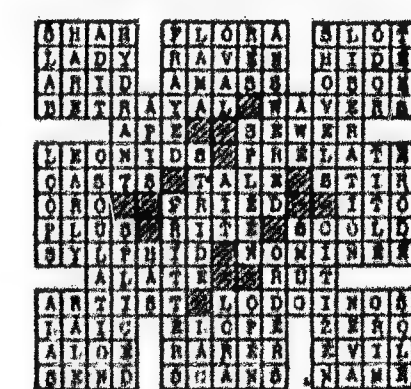
- 1—To urge
- 4—Mohammedan messiah
- 9—Serpent
- 12—Meadow
- 13—Unmoving
- 14—Serpent
- 15—Crime
- 17—Mysterious
- 19—Unit of work
- 20—Plant-sucking insect
- 21—To lean
- 23—Public vehicle
- 24—To endow with authority
- 27—Communion cup
- 28—Asiatic ruminant
- 29—Hoarder
- 30—Negative
- 31—Japanese coin
- 32—Fabulous bird
- 33—Jumbled type
- 34—Gyves
- 36—Humorist
- 37—East Indian timber tree
- 38—Portico
- 39—Taste
- 40—Money box
- 41—White metal (pl.)
- 43—Front
- 44—Navigator
- 46—Ornamental bracelet
- 48—Beard of grain
- 50—River of Spain and Portugal
- 52—Organ of head
- 53—Wooden pin
- 54—Poem
- 55—Coloring substance

VERTICAL:

- 1—Fairy
- 2—Turn right
- 3—Lead sulfide
- 4—Chinese dynasty
- 5—Some
- 6—Pronoun
- 7—Falls

8—Irritation

- 9—Mistreats
- 10—The sun
- 11—To stroke
- 16—Worthless remainder
- 18—Pertaining to city
- 20—Web-footed bird
- 21—Genus including dogs
- 22—Without life
- 23—To prohibit
- 25—Part of flower
- 26—To sing quaveringly
- 28—Affirmative
- 29—Witty saying
- 31—Gastropod mollusk
- 32—To tear
- 35—Leaking
- 36—Poetic to know
- 37—Scorched
- 39—Slang: fight
- 40—To sunburn
- 42—Brief letter
- 43—Urn
- 44—Plant juice
- 45—Respect
- 46—Embryo flower
- 47—Song
- 48—Before
- 51—To depart

SOLUTION TO
LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

OUTDOORS

SQUIRREL IS TARGET WORTHY OF EXPERT MARKSMEN

by MORTIMER NORTON

ONE OF THE most nervous, frisky, jittery little game animals to tantalize a hunter is the squirrel. In aiming at one of these fellows as he scampers over the ground in bounds and curves, and spirals up a tree trunk, the gun barrel is apt to waver like an orchestra leader's baton.

Have you, for instance, tried to knock over a gray squirrel as he leaps from limb to limb in a tall hemlock, or ducks in and out among the leafy branches of a beech tree? Whether you have a shotgun or small bore rifle, it's a test of skill to hit one of these

lively critters. And if you do use a rifle, it's a real test!

Never shot a squirrel with a rifle? Then you've got some first-class sport in store this fall. True, the majority of hunters use the reliable 12-gauge shotgun, loaded with No. 6 or 7 1/2 shells; but each season more men and boys discover the fun to be had in toppling squirrels with a .22 caliber rifle. Equipped with a telescope sight, and loaded with high speed .22 long rifle cartridges, this makes an efficient rifle for shooting squirrels.

With such a weapon, you may

select a suitable spot in a grove of nut trees where gray squirrels are plentiful, sit motionless on a log, wait for the game to attract your attention by moving or sputtering, and then pick off the squirrels at long range as they pause momentarily on limbs to scold or eat.

This is the best plan of action when using a rifle. If you prefer to move slowly through the woods and shoot the quarry on the run, then the "scattergun" is more practical. However, the advantage of a rifle is that when a squirrel is struck he usually is killed and the flesh is not peppered with shot, while with a shotgun there is more likelihood of merely wounding the animal or spoiling the edible flesh with an abundance of small pellets.

The average hunter, of course, can bag more game with the shotgun than the rifle, but for greater sport and satisfaction in taking squirrels the latter firearm will be used more often.

Gray and black squirrels are abroad in early morning before the frost has been vanquished by the sun, and they are again actively searching for food in late afternoon. These are periods when you should be silently stalking through the hardwoods, or quietly sitting in a secluded spot among the trees, watching for the slightest movement up in the branches or on the ground.

Squirrel hunting is a popular diversion for thousands of sportsmen in nearly every state.

TOWN QUIZ: Answers

- 1—An alienist is skilled in treatments for insanity.
- 2—New York.
- 3—Barometer.
- 4—Priscilla and John, Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex, Queen Mary and the Earl of Bothwell, Cleopatra and Antony.
- 5—Mechanic.
- 6—Golf.
- 7—Beatrice, Barbara, Genevieve, Margaret.
- 8—The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker.
- 9—(a) false—the 19th Amendment gave suffrage to women, prohibition was repealed by the 21st Amendment; (b) true; (c) false—a gour-

- mand takes special delight in eating.
- 10—Tolstoy.
- 11—They should be—temperance, tendency, athlete.
- 12—Correct are: (a) Every one took his seat. (b) Give the package to whoever calls for it. (c) If I were you I would go.
- 13—Carson City.
- 14—Monkey.
- 15—Deer.
- 16—A Tale of Two Cities.
- 17—Italy.
- 18—Rashness.
- 19—Cabbage.
- 20—Grieg.

"STAT

by
LAWRENCE

THREE MEN in panelled control room audition studio had the cast for "Howl" except for one only feminine r Cavendish.

The rather omni trio puffed their o they listened to the girl, then decided to for lunch and in radio aspirants for the afternoon. Wh down to their tas young lady by th Mary Parker walk studio.

One man looked then asked, "What's

The other told Mary Parker's sum work, her tour in "Lady Precious S there was one thi say because he did Mary Parker was re up and return to he of Manchester, New If she didn't get simply because she theater was too i occupation. You w play for months, th out of work!

Having studied h ten minutes, Mary the trial microphone scene. As she read, sions on the faces who were veteran r ers warmed consid started taking no modded encouraging Parker's direction, elson was made—M was Donna Cayne



IS HE REA

A most questio man really mad here he is him each Monday Top left we se at the accusat answers his e pointing to his bullet that E harbor a mad you see him su who has just

"STATIC"

by
LAWRENCE WITTE

THREE MEN in the glass-paneled control room of the audition studio had completed the cast for "Howie Wing—the Adventures of a Young Aviator" except for casting the only feminine role, Donna Cavendish.

The rather cageworthy looking trio puffed their cigarettes as they listened to the twenty-third girl, then decided to call a halt for lunch and invite further radio aspirants for a tryout in the afternoon. When they sat down to their task again, a young lady by the name of Mary Parker walked into the studio.

One man looked at the other, then asked, "What's she doing?"

The other told him about Mary Parker's summer theater work, her tour in the hit play, "Lady Precious Stream," but there was one thing he didn't say because he didn't know it. Mary Parker was ready to pack up and return to her home town of Manchester, New Hampshire, if she didn't get the part, simply because she decided the theater was too indefinite an occupation. You were in a hit play for months, then you were out of work!

Having studied her script for ten minutes, Mary stepped to the trial microphone to do her scene. As she read, the expressions on the faces of the men who were veteran radio producers warmed considerably. One started taking notes, another nodded encouragingly in Miss Parker's direction, and the decision was made—Mary Parker was Donna Cavendish.



STRICTLY "GIVE-OUT"

Feeling out a hot lick, Benny Goodman, King of Jive, swings wide on his licorice-stick to the glee of alligators, jitterbugs and downbeat hep-cats—which, in English, means simply: Mr. Goodman, the gentleman who popularized "swing" music is reaching inspirational heights, thus providing great pleasure for "swing" addicts.

The rest of the casting has been much simpler. William Janney, who had been held in Hollywood for years making seventy-five movies, was a natural for the title role of Howie Wing. Youthful, exuberant, and not afraid to show enthusiasm, he was ideal for the role of the adventurous young aviator who had just completed a course at Randolph Field, Texas.

"Howie Wing" is heard Mondays through Fridays over the CBS network.

BENNY GOODMAN says that swing is no longer a fad.

"Swing," said Goodman seriously between rehearsals for his Tuesday night broadcast, "has become a part of our folk music. Just as the songs of the old southland, the songs of the Mississippi River and the cowboys of the West have become a part of our musical background, just so has swing become a part of our lives. Swing is original music, creative, and represents the hectic times we are living in."

"Just as we think the waltz represents the easy-going life of old Vienna, so is swing 'shagging' a result of our shagging times and conditions. I think that swing has contributed too much to American music ever to be dismissed."

"FRANCE radio actresses and firemen are very much alike," contends Betty Wragge of "Pepper Young's Family." "When you are away from the studios, you might just as well be a fireman. You wait for the bell, just like a smoke-eater. You get your call and dash out. The call may come any minute of the day or night. You can never leave your station, which is always somewhere near a telephone. When you leave home, you have to tell where you're going, in the event a call comes in. You never know when you'll have to jump at the alarm. Firemen have it easy, though. They know what's up when the bell rings. When an actress gets a call and is asked to come over to the studio, she doesn't know whether it's for an option-designing party, a new role or lunch!"



IS HE REALLY MAD?

A moot question for months has been, "Is the Mad Russian really mad?" To answer the charges of his hecklers, here he is himself, Bert (Mad Russian) Gordon, heard each Monday on Eddie Cantor's program over CBS. Top left we see the Mad Russian stunned with surprise at the accusation. Progressing to the next pose, he answers his enemies with stinging rejoinders. Then, pointing to his past record, he follows up with the rebuttal that Eddie Cantor has never been known to harbor a madman on his program yet. As final proof you see him out of character, looking like a stock-broker who has just sold a block of comedy stock shorts.

STRANGE GIFTS FROM LISTENERS PUZZLE RADIO STARS

WHAT TO do with it?

Dialers frequently express their appreciation of their favorite headliners' efforts by sending them gifts—sometimes to the consternation of the stars.

Producer Bill Lawrence hasn't yet figured out just what he's supposed to do with the half of a wedding ring some admirer sent to him.

Don Wilson's ranch home is crammed with gelatine moulds of fantastic shape and size which fans have given the desert salesman, but he's never discovered what prompted one listener to donate a bottle of tonic.

Among Al Jolson's gifts from radio friends are "mammy" dolls, horseracing games and synthetic rubies for wife, Ruby Keeler—and a quart of sunburn lotion (Al's tanned to a mahogany shade).

After a mishap to his sailboat, batonier Raymond Paige received one of the oddest presents of his career—not from an unknown fan, but from the boys in his band. They salvaged the broken mast from his boat and had it carved up into dozens of batons.

Edward G. Robinson's love of art has inspired several dialers to give him books on the subject, but more frequent are the requests from obscure artists who believe their works would add value to the actor's collection of masters.

Bill Goodwin whose announcing, acting and production activities in West coast studios leave him just enough time to leap from broadens' to rehearsal, received a complete cowboy ensemble from an Arizona ranch-hand. Bill says he's saving it for a possible future heir who may have the leisure to indulge in playing "wild West."

Holland-born David Broekman can depend upon one fan in his native land to come through with a yearly gift, but it's not for the conductor, himself. The distant admirer annually sends three pairs of wooden shoes for Broekman's trio of small daughters, Deetje, Melissandre and Jaqueline.

PENNY WISE, vocalist with Eddie Duchin and his orchestra, is in reality Doris Fisher, daughter of a music firm executive . . . Shirley Howard, who has been absent from the airwaves too long, is now heard over the Mutual network several times each week . . . "This Day is Ours," written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, is the second new serial turned out by these two writers within the last few months. Both collaborated on "Life Can Be Beautiful," the serial which is receiving plaudits from the radio listeners those days.

IMMEDIATE RELIEF FOR Stuffed-Up EARS

Temporary, even permanent deafness often develops from clogged-up, wax-filled, buzzing ears. REQUA'S OIL FOR THE EARS quickly dissolves accumulations, improves your normal hearing, ends head noises due to congestions in the outer ear. Your ears feel "open" instantly. REQUA'S OIL FOR THE EARS clears up in a moment what may bother you for weeks. Trial size 30c. Regular size \$1. At your druggist or direct upon receipt of price.

REQUA MFG. CO., INC.
1193-E Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



PRISONER ESCAPES!

Guard Killed By British Officer in Daring Escape from German Prison Camp

HUNTED by all the police in Germany, he found refuge in the heart and home of this lovely little girl of the Berlin streets . . . Calmly, bravely she faced the police and lied for him—lied for an enemy of her country whom she had known but one short night . . . Not even the threats of certain death could break her devoted loyalty to him.

You'll be held breathless by this exciting story of escape from a German prison camp. You'll be thrilled and fascinated by this romantic girl who took such desperate chances to hold the only tender, sincere love she ever knew . . . No wonder the late O. O. McIntyre called it "The most absorbing book I've read in five years."

Because we want you to know Mercury Books, we'll send you this one—"Everything Is Thunder," by J. L. Hardy—practically free. We'll supply the book, if you'll pay 10¢ for postage and handling.

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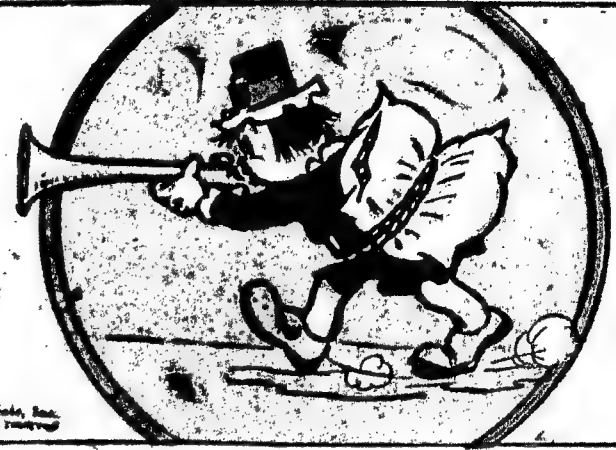
Here's my dime. Send me a copy of the Mercury Book "Everything Is Thunder" by J. L. Hardy.

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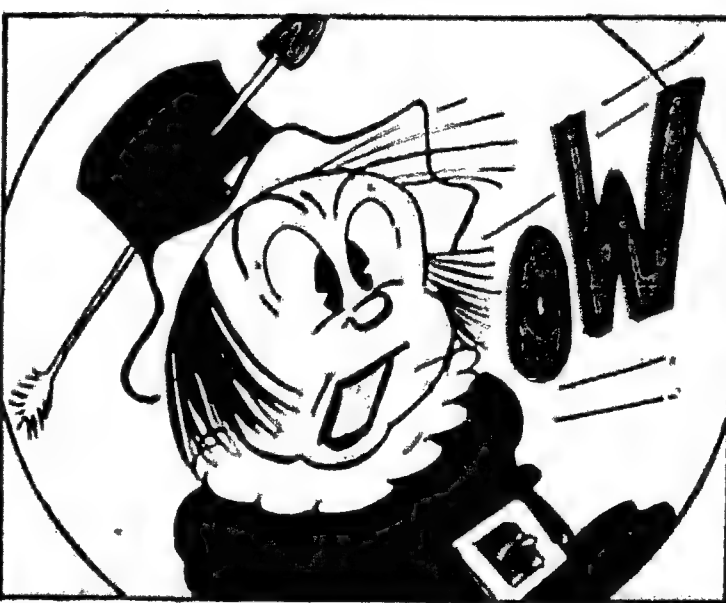
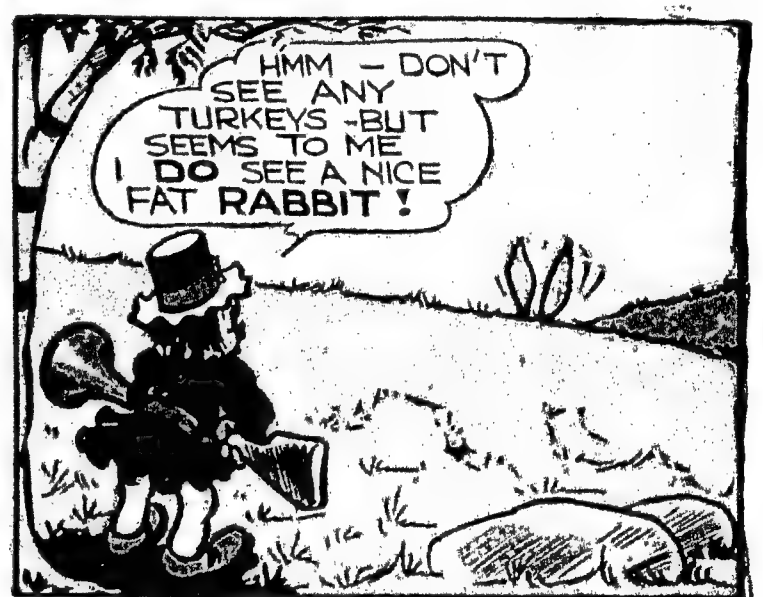
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CYNICAL SUSIE



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**NEXT
WEEK**

George was a vaudeville headliner and a good fellow, too, until he began believing his own build-up and went off to Hollywood and left his girl behind.

CAP AND BELLS
by John W. Alexander



**NEXT
WEEK:**

If you want a thrill unequalled in the sport of hunting, follow the trail of the baying "coon" hounds in the dark of night—the wily ringtailed raccoon will lead you a merry chase

OUTDOORS

by **Mortimer Norton**

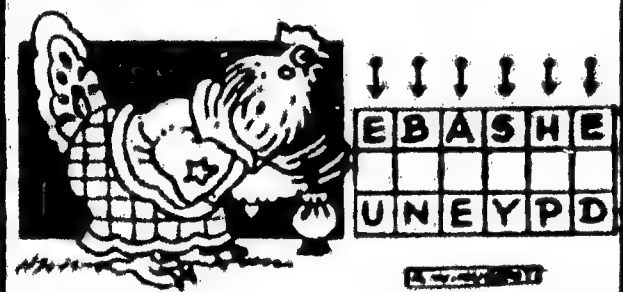
CAN YOU SOLVE THESE?

TURKEY

CAN YOU SPELL AT LEAST TEN ENGLISH WORDS BY USING ONLY THE LETTERS IN THE WORD "TURKEY"?



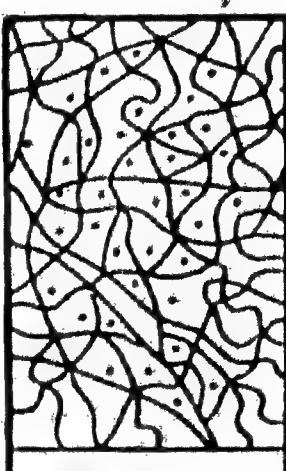
IF YOU PRINT THE NAME OF A CERTAIN KIND OF MEAT IN THE CENTER ROW OF SQUARES READING ACROSS, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, THE COMBINED LETTERS READING DOWNWARD WILL SPELL SIX THREE-LETTER WORDS.



WHAT VEGETABLE?

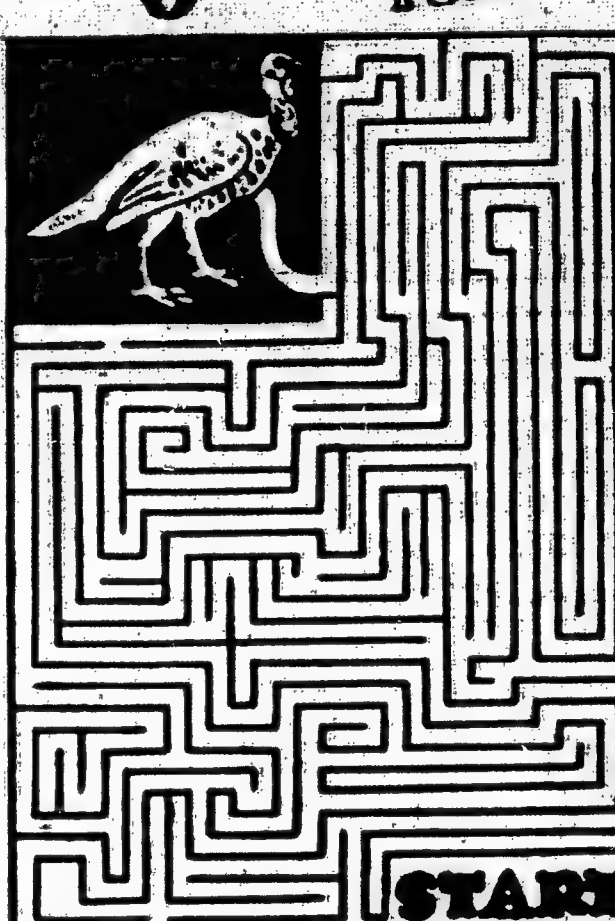


THE ABOVE PICTURE REPRESENTS A VEGETABLE. CAN YOU READ IT?



MADE IN ALL OF THE LITTLE DOTTED RECTANGLES AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

CATCH THE TURKEY

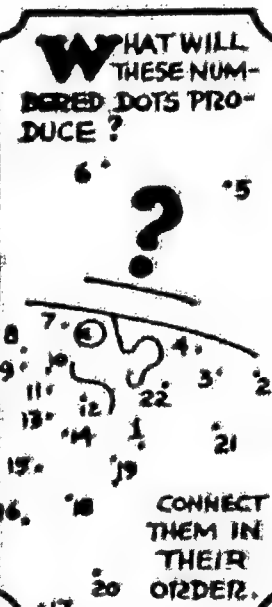


FARMER BROWN'S TURKEY SEEMS TO KNOW THAT THANKSGIVING IS APPROACHING AND HAS SLIPPED AWAY FROM ITS COOP. START FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE MAZE AND SEE IF YOU CAN TRACE BETWEEN THE LINES AND CAPTURE THE ELUSIVE BIRD FOR THE FARMER.

A METAL RIDDLE.



WHAT METAL CONTAINS THE NAME OF ANOTHER METAL?

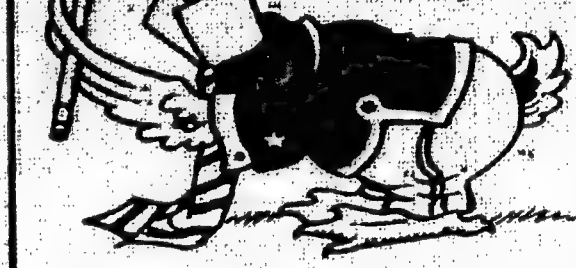


WHAT WILL THESE NUMBERED DOTS PRODUCE?

JUNIOR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
2, PET ANIMAL; 4, FLOWERS; 6, NOTHING; 7, ILLNESS; 8, BRAG; 10, A BEVERAGE.

DOWN
1, A FUEL; 2, PAINT; 3, IRRITATE; 4, BONE ATTACHED TO THE SPINE; 5, TO REST AS ON A CHAIR; 9, AFFIRMATIVE VOTE.



WILL B. EATON HAS INVITED SEVERAL FRIENDS TO DINNER THIS THANKSGIVING. CONNECT ALL OF THE DOTS IN NUMERICAL ORDER TO SEE THE HONORED GUEST.



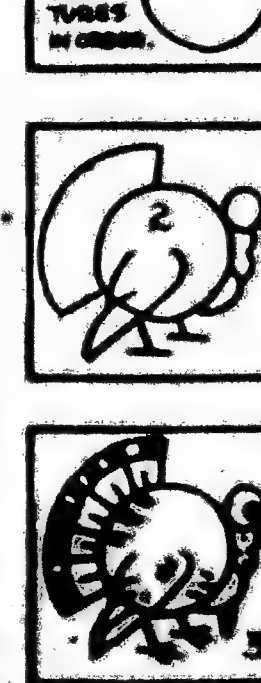
ESHA FARMER IS GOING TO HAVE EIGHT FOODS TO COMPLETE HIS TURKEY DINNER.

SEE IF YOU CAN REARRANGE EACH GROUP OF LETTERS, SHOWN ABOVE, TO SPELL THEIR NAMES.

1, SABNE 5, KCEA
2, LORSL 6, RYAGV
3, SEBTE 7, MCCSURUEB
4, SOAOETPT 8, ERENCRSIRBA



A DRAWING LESSON FOR LITTLE ARTISTS. COPY THE PICTURES IN ORDER.



SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES:

HOW TO DRAW THE STAR DESIGN WITH ONE CONTINUOUS LINE: →

BY ADDING THE GIVEN LETTERS "EGIRNS" THE FOLLOWING WORDS CAN BE FORMED: 1, IN, SIN, SING, SINGER.

ROSE, SORE, ROES, EROS AND ORES CAN BE SPELLED BY USING THE LETTERS "ESRO".

THE FIFTEEN PICTURED OBJECTS ARE: HOG, DOG, COAT, TAG, HOG, CAT, ROAD, CAR, GOAT, EAR, HAT, HEART, RAT, GNAT AND CORD.

HOW TO READ THE PICTURES: 1, PANTRY (PAN-TREE); 2, STAIRS (STARES); 3, STOOD.

NUMBER PUZZLE SOLUTION: →

JUNIOR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE ANSWER: →

PLAYERS SQUAD

STARS of the screen for much criticism years because of have spent money. Members of the defend themselves arguments, but the boil down to this: lives are so much y; because we are fans, newspaper hawks, etc.; because to the point where hardly stand the cause we want to those few precious privacy allowed to look at the price thing that will g hours of pleasure. That desire "to at all" pops out in Claudette Colbert, ers and Fredric upland estates the over \$200,000. Gar lives in a modest s ment, takes great in his swanky 2 car that will top hour. Bing Crosby to own a stable stepped out and b race plant, the D. Incidentally, you your head over gance, because the ing a lot of money boy with the gold B. DeMille finds 100-foot yacht, "S Harold Lloyd h kennel of 20 Gre lace Beery and mings have their Robert Taylor, Clark Gable and others own spacio Such hobbies ar be, in view of ec tions and the num

'STAR

PARAMOUNT e congratulating V man, who directed new air epic, "Wings" without taining anything than a scratch. L tor's greatest c bringing such s screen that some killed or seriously Although ever was naturally t man when such quences as dog f ing photographed wood's air, he is tribute his goo luck.

UPON LEARNI ment of his film ley Ross, with h Dolan, Bob Hope gratulatory telegr It was brief an for Hope never v space fooling aro neyed amenities. "Thanks for th the future I shal one song to you, An Agent."

VIRGINIA GRE dramatic student, come a dramatic t She has a glass of of her sister, Lor Playing one of with Louise Raine Goddard in "Dra at Metro, Virgin her sister had b job as her stand- lessons in dramati

PLAYERS DENY SQUANDERING

STARS of the screen have come in for much criticism in recent years because of the way they have spent money for luxuries.

Members of the screen colony defend themselves with many arguments, but they all seem to boil down to this: "Because our lives are so much public property; because we are hounded by fans, newspapermen, publicity hawks, etc.; because we work to the point where nerves can hardly stand the strain, and because we want to make much of those few precious moments of privacy allowed us; we refuse to look at the price tag on anything that will give us a few hours of pleasure."

That desire "to get away from it all" pops out in various ways. Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers and Fredric March own upland estates that cost well over \$200,000. Gary Cooper, who lives in a modest six-room apartment, takes great pride and joy in his swanky 225-horsepower car that will top 120 miles per hour. Bing Crosby, not satisfied to own a stable of racehorses, stepped out and bought a whole race plant, the Del Mar track. Incidentally, you can't shake your head over this extravagance, because the track is making a lot of money for Bing, the boy with the golden touch. Cecil B. DeMille finds fun aboard his 100-foot yacht, "Seaward."

Harold Lloyd has his unique kennel of 20 Great Danes. Wallace Beery and Robert Cummings have their private planes. Robert Taylor, Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable and a host of others own spacious ranches.

Such hobbies are costly. Maybe, in view of economic conditions and the number of persons



NELSON EDDY TURNS FARM-HAND

Nelson Eddy, popular singing star, made a big investment when he purchased his valley ranch, but he insists that the returns on this investment are too valuable to be measured in dollars and cents. Here, under the kind California sun, Eddy can be found pitching hay, driving his team and acting as general chore boy. And for him it all comes under the head of relaxation.

in dire need of necessities, Mr. Averageman will fail to see why they are important. But, in any event, they serve as soothing balm to tired stars' nerves and tend to satisfy the strange desire of movie actors and actresses to be different.

'STAR GAZING' with Urie Megahan

PARAMOUNT executives are congratulating William Wellman, who directed that studio's new air epic, "Men with Wings" without a player sustaining anything more serious than a scratch. It is a director's greatest concern while bringing such films to the screen that some one will be killed or seriously injured.

Although every precaution was naturally taken by Wellman when such hazardous sequences as dog fights were being photographed high in Hollywood's air, he is inclined to attribute his good fortune to luck.

UPON LEARNING of the elopement of his film partner, Shirley Ross, with her agent, Ken Dolan, Bob Hope sent her a congratulatory telegram.

It was brief and to the point, for Hope never wastes time or space fooling around with hackneyed amenities. The wire said: "Thanks for the Memory. In the future I shall dedicate but one song to you, 'She Married An Agent.'"

VIRGINIA GREY, herself a dramatic student, has also become a dramatic teacher as well. She has a class of one, composed of her sister, Lorraine.

Playing one of the students with Louise Rainer and Paulette Goddard in "Dramatic School" at Metro, Virginia found that her job as her stand-in for her first lessons in dramatics.

So, between scenes, the two may be found together in Virginia's portable dressing room, going over Lorraine's voice and diction.

EVER SINCE the release of "Love Finds Andy Hardy," the twenty-dollar jalopy driven by Mickey Rooney in that picture has been the most sought-after auto in Hollywood. It has become the delight of juvenile America, and thousands have written to George Seitz, the director of the Judge Hardy series, asking him the purchase price of the car.

But it is not for sale, as Mickey will drive it again in the next film of the series to be titled "Out West with the Hardys."

HERE'S the height of something or other! A single block on Maple Avenue in Cincinnati has furnished Hollywood with three players.

They are Una Merkel, Evelyn Venable and Don Brodie, who in years gone by were playmates in the Ohio city. Brodie, a bit player for the last nine years, has just been stepped up to featured player by Universal.

HOW FLEETING is fame? Seeds of notables turned out for the triumphant Hollywood preview of "If I Were King," the Frank Lloyd production starring Ronald Colman, with Frances Dee, Basil Rathbone and Ellen Drew.

They were all invited to sign a register which will be pre-

served as a memento of the occasion. Somehow nobody noticed or thought to ask for the signature of a pink-cheeked old gentleman with a shock of grizzled curly hair, who mingled with the crowd.

Yet twenty years ago that man played this same part of Francois Villon, the ragged poet who became Grand Constable of France because he boasted about what would happen "If I Were King." His name was proudly displayed on every silent screen in the world. And William Farnum walked into the theater unrecognized, unheralded and unsung. He plays the bit part of a general in the new version.

ACCORDING to Willy deMond, the former extra who is now Hollywood's leading entrepreneur of exotic hose to the stars, the hosiery bill of the industry is \$1,150,000 a year.

He tells us that the studios spend \$350,000 yearly on stockings for their wardrobe needs and that his clients, composed of practically all of filmdom's feminine stars, spend from \$1,500 to \$2,500 a year for hosiery.

Marlene Dietrich's bill never runs less than \$2,500 a year," he says. "If she is out dancing at the Trocadero and goes through a pair, I deliver new ones immediately in response to a phone call."

Martha Raye changes her stockings twice a day, to the tune of \$2,300 yearly.

ETHEL MERMAN seems to be making quite a career out of enacting those roles of unrequited love on our screen. She's making a specialty of those likable "other girl" roles. What's more, she does them well.

After playing the "unwanted" girl in "Alexander's Ragtime Band," in which she loses Tyrone Power to Alice Faye, Ethel went into "Straight Place and Show," the Ritz Brothers comedy, and played second fiddle to Phyllis Brooks. However, she manages to make such graceful intrusions that the fans like her, even if she is in the way. Her fan mail following those pictures has testified to that most emphatically.

CAST OF 20th Century's "Tailspin" has been strengthened by the addition of Constance Bennett. The film, which dramatizes the adventures of women in aviation, also stars Alice Faye and Nancy Kelly. John Trent, himself a professional pilot for three years, will play the title role of Monogram's news series, "Tailspin Tommy," which is an adaptation of the newspaper comic strip. Many Hollywood stars are donning ice skates again, being influenced by the "Ice Follies" troupe. Said troupe is making a flack for M-G-M. . . . Slapstick Maxie Rosenbloom, the ex-fighter now rising in films, will next be seen in Universal's "Adam's Evening," the Charlie Ruggles vehicle. . . . "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," with an impressive cast of Betty Grable, Mary Carlisle, Larry Grable, Lief Erikson, Charles Starrett, and Ted Rio Rito's band, will be released by Mono-

gram. . . Metro has signed Franciska Gaal for a role in "Katherine the Last," a comedy which Norman Taurog will direct. . . . Lew Ayres, after a real performance in "Rich Man Poor Girl," goes into "Spring Dance" opposite Maureen O'Sullivan. Cast also includes Ruth Hussey, Burgess Meredith and Ann Morris. . . . Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and four-year-old Larry Simms compose the Dagwood family for Columbia's "Blondie." . . . Jean Arthur and Cary Grant are united for the first time in "Our Wife."

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CEDAR CHEST IS NICE GIFT

by HAROLD T. BODKIN

UNLESS YOU have a power circular saw and a wood turning lathe, I cannot promise that you can build this handsome cedar chest completely by hand. But such machine operations as are required can be done for you by any planing mill at small cost, so this item shouldn't bother you at all. In fact, it should save time if you do have a mill do the machine work, if you want to complete the job quickly.

All stock for this chest is of Tennessee aromatic cedar—not our usual northern wood. Aromatic cedar is very knotty and oily (That's why moths don't like its odor!) and comes in random widths. To help you to buy the right amount of stock, Handicraft Plan No. 99 shows all dimensions. Better take this with you to the lumber yard and let them figure the stock from it.

The first machine operation is to tongue and groove the boards for the ends, sides and bottom panels. This work can be done on a circular saw (See picture E). Following this, square and saw the ends of the boards with the rabbet ("jog") that later will fit into the rounded legs. See plan.

This done, use waterproof casing glue to assemble the end and side panels. (See picture C.)

Now for the lathe operation. Four solid, or glued-up, square pieces are glued together to form a piece about 6 inches square. Note that newspaper is placed between the four pieces. Otherwise, you cannot get them apart after turning. Saw and plane this assembled piece to hexagonal shape and then turn to the largest possible diameter, as pictured. Then split into four legs. (See picture B.) The plan shows how to cut the rabbet into these legs to receive the ends of the box panels.

With finishing nails and glue, first assemble the ends; then add the side (or front and back panels) to the front, when dry. Set the nail heads. Be sure to square up all round before the glue sets. Also, nail a couple of narrow boards diagonally across the top to hold the box in square. (See picture A.)

There's no strength to the construction yet. We get this by



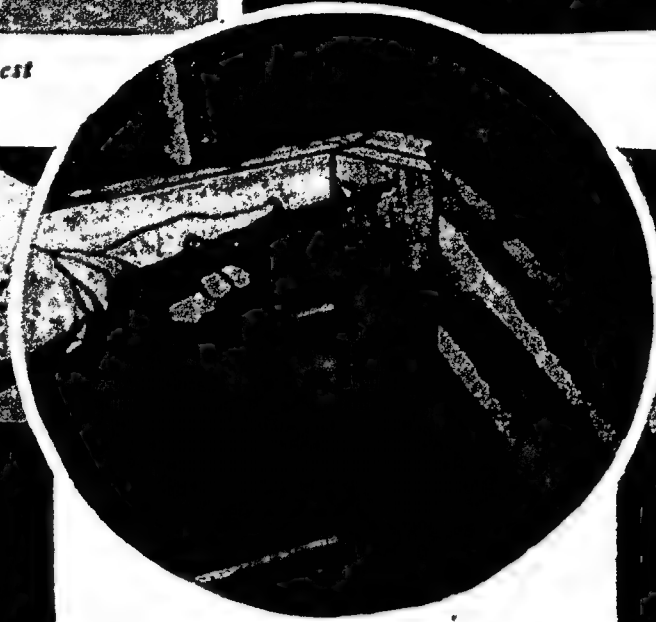
A—Assembled Box of Cedar Chest



B—Splitting out Leg-Corners



C—Bar Clamps hold the Panels while Gluing



D—Screwing Inside Braces at The Corners



E—Cutting Tongues and Grooves

screwing and gluing additional corner braces (See plan and picture D) in each inside corner. From outside, nail through the panels into these inside braces. Two-inch finishing nails, with heads set, will do the trick.

You will have to fit the bottom in place according to the boards you have. These boards are set snugly all around, in contact with the upright panels. They rest on top of the battens glued and screwed to the bottoms of the four upright panels. The plan shows how these battens are placed.

And this brings your construction up to the hinged cover, handles, hardware, etc., which will be described in next week's column.

HANDICRAFT Plan No. 99 gives directions for the construction of a cedar chest. To obtain this plan send ten cents to TOWN, Handicraft Department, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N.Y.

CHIP O' THE OLD BLOCK by GOVER

Continued From Page 3

pieces. She grasped at the flying remnants of her reason, but without avail. Maybe it was she who had wanted to make a show in front of a man who was nothing but a good-time pal. Maybe it was she who... She blinked back the tears.

"Oh, Kent," she said, "this is so foolish."

Kent pushed back his chair from the table. "What's foolish?" he asked ominously.

"This... This... when we could go back home and live like—like decent people."

For a moment she wondered what she had said that made his face go so white and queer.

"So that's the way you feel!" As the door slammed upon him, Ann experienced a momentary pang of regret. She felt frightened. Gradually, however, the frightened feeling left her. Wrath rose in its place.

Sometime later, sitting in front of her dressing table, she heard Kent come in and go to his room.

SHE hardly heard the doorbell, but the murmur of voices finally penetrated to her.

"Ann..." The word sent a tremor through her. It couldn't be...

"Ann!" The next moment Camilla's arms were about her.

"Darling," she whispered warmly against her ear, "you're as stubborn as your father. I could not stand it any longer."

"Mother!" was all Ann could manage. "Mother!"

Across the room Randall garrumphed loudly at Kent.

"She's sure a chip o' the old block," he said. There was ill-concealed pride in his voice.

Camilla sank onto the divan and pulled Ann down with her.

"When you didn't write again," she said, "I knew we'd never hear from you unless we made the next move."

"Yes," Randall Jordan boomed. "Cam said she wouldn't eat a bite of turkey until she'd seen her kids."

Suddenly Ann felt laughter welling up inside her—wild, uncontrolled laughter.

"Your father has something to tell you," Camilla was saying. "Ran, dear, tell them."

Randall Jordan cleared his throat. "Kent... Kent," he said, "old Charnworth says he has a place for a good advertising man. If you kids would like to move back..."

For the first time Ann looked at Kent. He was smiling, but his jaw was set in that determined line she had come to know. Suddenly her heart beat a little faster.

"That's very kind of you, sir, but I'm doing fine," he said. "I've a much better position now than when we first came. I wouldn't be interested in going back myself, but Ann... well, Ann will have to speak for herself."

His eyes met hers defiantly. Ann felt her cheeks getting warmer. She ought to tell them

she was tired of his foolishness, that she was going back with them and put an end to it for all time. Across the room Kent's eyes were still regarding her, levelly, unflinchingly. Slowly Ann's heart calmed.

"Kent's right," she said. "We are doing very well."

She couldn't let Kent down, Kent whose jaunty swagger and boastful self-confidence, no matter how forced, were his badge of independence.

"I was taking Ann out to dinner," Kent was saying with sudden bravado. "You'll be our guests?"

A moment later, in their bedroom, Ann confronted him.

"Kent," she said, "Kent, I don't know what was the matter with me this morning."

Kent put his arms around her and held her tight.

"I do," he said grimly. "It was me. Oh, Ann. If I had lost you..."

Ann pulled away from him a little, the better to make him understand what she was going to say.

"It was my fault, too," she said. "And after this, it's going to be my problem, too. It won't be so hard that way, Kent," she pleaded. "It won't matter when you get a job."

"Get a job?" He looked as if he didn't understand.

She tried to smile. "You made them believe you had one, but I..."

He suddenly let out a small whoop. "Good gosh, honey," he said, "did you think I was kidding?"

"Kent," she regarded him with puzzled eyes, "you didn't... you didn't..."

"Sure," said Kent, enveloping her in the father of all hugs. "I called up Jim, and he said they had a house full of guests and he hadn't had a chance to call me. His father wants me to report in the morning!"

From the living room came Camilla's wifely voice.

"Don't you envy them, Ran? You know, honey, sometimes I wish we had it to do all over again."

YOUR GOOD HEALTH

NEVER SCOLD OR NAG YOUNGSTERS AT DINNER TABLE

by CLAUD NORTH CHRISMAN, M. D.

MANY PEOPLE think that as soon as a child begins to walk he will be much easier to take care of. My experience has been that every month of a child's life adds to the burden and responsibility of his care. And that goes for every one of them, even after they grow up. The growing body of a young child never ceases its demands for growing material, and, even if he does not feel hungry, the need is there. That is why we talk so much about foods and the kind of food necessary to maintain life and produce symmetrical growth.

First let's talk about the

child's attitude concerning his food. All children are not natural eaters and many of them need a good deal of management if they eat adequately. Even through the adolescent stage, youth is influenced more by his environment than by his appetite. A young child may choose a sufficient quantity of food, but is not likely to choose wisely.

We are all creatures of temperament, and when our temperaments are thwarted something happens to our digestive apparatus. When you go to your doctor for advice about a child who doesn't eat well, one of the first things he will ask you is whether you are inclined to scold or find fault when the youngster comes to the table. I know how often he gets there late, how many times he forgets to wash his hands and comb his hair. To hear the fuss made about it, one might think that affairs of state were at stake. To him, the things he was doing

are far more important, and his ideas are worth while too. Anyway, it isn't worth upsetting his nervous system and yours besides; so don't scold him and start an attack of indigestion just to satisfy yourself.

Growing children require more carbohydrates than adults. Here the trouble with the sweets and starches begins. It is natural for children to crave candy and cookies, but do not make the mistake of giving a piece of candy or a sweet cracker fifteen minutes before a meal. Rather, promise that the child can have all the candy he wants if he will eat a good meal first.

When a child is inclined to eat a great deal of bread and potatoes, he may grow, keep plump and seem quite heavy, but look out that he does not overdo the starches. A too-starchy diet lacks blood-making requirements, and the boy will not have the resistance he needs to guard against disease.

RHEUMATISM

RELIEVE PAIN IN FEW MINUTES

To relieve this torturing pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia or Lumbago in a few minutes, get the Doctor's formula NEURITOL. Dependable, no opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—most relief is felt in 10 to 15 minutes. Use NEURITOL on that guarantee today.

NEEDLEPOINT

A needlepoint smart walls of hassocks

INDOOR GARDEN

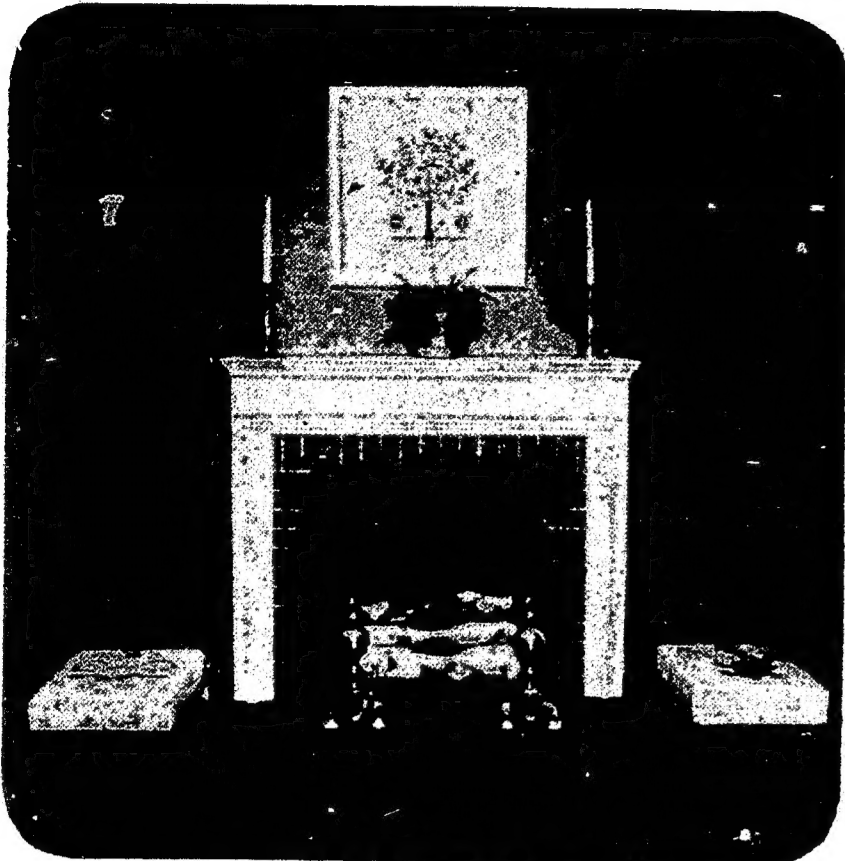
find the collecting plants a truly fascinating hobby, for the charms lie in its uniqueness of growth and appearance. Although very few under ordinary conditions they adapt themselves to a home environment, cultivated for the pleasure of the collector.

There are many cacti, most of them from arid or semiarid regions. The Christmas cactus, the most popular of the favorable conditions bloom at Christmas. Flowers are crimson, red, and are really any setting.

The peculiar growth of these plants accounts for many strange names. Examples, Astrophytum, Bischofia, Cap, exactly what it is. Echinopsis, with its body, is called Cactus. Melocactus on top like a fez, fore called the Cactus.

The species Ferrel-shaped; in Barrel Cactus. In

TOWN'S Garden be glad to give information on subscription interest and requests for information will also arrange catalogues sent self-addressed, envelope to TOWN, Editor, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y. TOWN'S Home Bureau comes to indoor garden. Home Service Bureau. "Making Plants Grow Indoors" thirty-two page book detailed instructions for the cultivation varieties of indoor plants. The price of this book is ten cents. It is obtained from TOWN'S Service Bureau, 721, Rochester, N. Y.



NEEDLEPOINT PICTURE

A needlepoint picture is a distinguished detail for dark, smart walls—so are the needlepoint seats for the pair of hassocks beside this fireplace.

INDOOR CULTURE OF CACTUS PLANTS IS FASCINATING HOBBY

INDOOR GARDEN enthusiasts find the collecting of cactus plants a truly fascinating hobby, for the charm of the cactus lies in its uniqueness. A habit of growth and appearance cacti are a class in themselves, and, although very few will flower under ordinary home conditions, they adapt themselves easily to a home environment and are cultivated for the unusual appearance of the plants themselves.

There are many varieties of cacti, most of them coming from arid or semi-arid regions. The Christmas Cactus is the most popular because under favorable conditions it will bloom at Christmas time. The flowers are crimson, white, or red, and are really beautiful in any setting.

The peculiar growing habits of these plants account for their many strange names. For example, *Astrophytum* is called Bishop's Cap, because that is exactly what it looks like. And *Echinopsis*, with its spine-covered body, is called the Hedgehog Cactus. *Melocactus* has a growth on top like a fez and is therefore called the Turk's Cap Cactus.

The species *Ferocactus* is barrel-shaped; hence the name, Barrel Cactus. In Mexico and

the southwestern part of our country the Barrel Cactus grows as high as six feet. But do not expect them to do this in your home, for here they will remain small.

Most cacti are potted in a sandy soil. However, since there are so many species, it is wise to get directions from your dealer as to potting.

Good drainage is of special importance with cacti. They require very little water, especially during the winter months. All that is necessary is an occasional sprinkling of the lower part of the plant. Avoid water that is too cold.

Some of the plants require full sun, while others need a little shade. So here again find out from your dealer the habits of the particular plant you are buying. The Christmas Cactus needs some shade and should be given more water than usual until buds are formed. After the buds have formed, be sure to decrease the amount of the water ration.

If you'd like something else unusual for indoor culture, plant a hyacinth, daffodil or narcissus bulb in a vase of water. The bulb is set in the neck of the vase, and water is placed in the bottom so that it barely touches the base of the bulb. A lump of charcoal is also dropped into the water.

With the bulb fitting tightly in the neck and enough space between the base of the bulb and the surface of the water, rooting should take place without any difficulty.

The bulbs are then stored away and treated as those planted in pots except that the water must be changed once a week.

DON'T FORGET about the chrysanthemums in your outdoor garden, for they demand attention this month. After they have ceased to flower, the stalks should be cut down to a few inches of the ground. They can then be left in place until the spring if the soil is well drained and warm. Otherwise, they should be lifted and stored in a cold frame which will protect them from the frost. It is preferable, when possible, to leave the plants outdoors.

PLEASANT HOMES by ELIZABETH M. BOYKIN

EASY-TO-MAKE ARTICLES ENHANCE HOME AT LITTLE COST

REMEMBER the days when fancy work really meant fancy?—ribbon and crochet camisoles, pillow tops in shaded silk embroidery, nightgowns with yards of scallops. Don't smile too patronizingly. Because the urge to make things, to work creatively with our hands, is not to be passed off as glibly as all that. Only styles have changed a bit, and instead of so much embroidery we go in more for knitting and rug-hooking and quilting and needlepointing.

But make no apologies to any one for your interest in pick-up work. And take no remarks from the men on that score either. . . . Just remind them that women's ingenuity started all the basic crafts at which major industries are kept busy these days (spinning and weaving, canning, baking, churning, tailoring and many more).

The necessity for some creative work with the hands is essential to all of us if we are to keep our nerves and emotions balanced wholesomely. It's a normal outlet for our talents and interests. . . . It brings to the hum-drum of life a spark of art and a search for beauty. Don't imagine that you can get the same thing from a ready-made article, even if it should be actually better in workmanship than your own efforts. That illusive quality in your own work is the same thing that makes the difference between home and a hotel room.

But no doubt about it, there has been a lot less handwork done this past decade than during any other period in the history of women's activities.

And I, for one, believe that it would be a good thing if a wholesale revival of the old days of handwork were brought about—for women at home, I mean. Too many women these days have so much time on their hands that they become bored with life. And there have been more nervous, discontented women around in these last few years, too. Did you ever see a neurotic knitter—or a dependent quilter? Well, hardly ever, anyway. And the lack of boredom among those knitters and other handworkers can, I am sure, be laid to the fact that they are busy and interested. And busy and interested women are usually healthy—so figure it out for yourself.

There's still another aspect of this business of handwork that always strikes me. It's the importance of it to the development of the folk art of the nation. For it is woman experimenting with handwork who creates arts and crafts. No factory has yet been able to create a really basic new practical art. Furthermore, it is our participation in the actual work of creating things for our homes that gives them national identity, that makes them American.

IF YOU are interested in doing some handwork, perhaps you would like to have Mrs. Boykin send you her bulletins, "New Patterns to Knit and Crochet," and "Sew Yourself a Family History in Needlepoint." These bulletins will be sent you upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope for each bulletin requested. Address Mrs. Boykin, TOWN, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y.

And we've failed our destiny these past few years in being content merely to copy patterns. But yet look at the distinction of the quilts and the rugs that our great grandmothers designed themselves. True, not all were works of art, but now and again a creative masterpiece turned up. If we struck out for ourselves more when we undertake to crochet an afghan, to needlepoint a chair seat or hook a rug, we'd have a lot more fun, I think.

That's what took my eye when I went to see an exhibit of Quebec crafts recently. The Canadians of this province maintain a thrilling tradition of handwork. The hooked rugs take street scenes for their design; the whittlers make amusing little carved wooden figures of local characters; even the weaving presents original patterns and colors.

Are you wondering where to begin? Why not hook a rug in a map design, with jaunty little motifs to illustrate your local scene. Or else do as the Quebec people do—use a view down the street of your own house as the design. Or again, make your own flower design from your garden's best blooms—or use your wedding bouquet as the motif. As easy as falling off a log and very effective in a musical family would be a hooked rug with big notes of music for the design—or even a bar of music.

I've mentioned needlepoint in original designs before, and my bulletin, "Sew Yourself a Family History—In Needlepoint" gives actual designs that will serve as guides in planning an original piece of work like this. But if you don't feel like tack-



BEDROOM LAMP

An informal lamp shade in crocheted lace makes a fresh finish for the bedroom. This particular design is available in ensembles that include other things for the same room.



LOVELY FRAME

As pretty a way as any to frame your old prints or photographs is to use wall-paper mats like this. A wall-paper with a medallion design is selected and cut out to make a frame for the picture.



CHARMING HOOKED RUG

Lovely indeed are the hooked rugs in original patterns made by the women of Quebec. They use scenes from gardens and homes for the motifs.

ling a piece on your own, you'll find some beauties in the art needlework department of your pet store. The American Needlepoint designs especially appeal to me.

If you're casting around for something to make, don't forget that crochet is very much "in" these days too. And certain types of it have as much style as anything you'd hope to see. Recently I've seen some really stunning mats and doilies for the dining table. Made up in either white or ecru and starched lightly, they're quite as handsome as any but the most precious of imported hand lace.

For bedspreads, there's nothing nicer than the knitted cotton designs. But I may as well admit that knitting a bedspread is a lot harder work than crocheting one. And there are ever

so many lovely crochet patterns available; so, unless you're an old hand at knitting with fine cotton and thin steel needles, it will be a lot more encouraging to do a crocheted one as a starter. I have a pattern for a knitted spread, however, in my new bulletin, "New Patterns to Knit and Crochet."

Among the novelties I've seen and liked of spool cotton crochet, there's a dainty a lamp shade as you could want for a dressing table. It's made with crochet beading and white dotted swiss; through the beading blue ribbon is run. Then there are several breakfast room ensembles in peasant colors to use with maple. These include chair pads and seats, informal doilies and napkins. These are included in my new bulletin, "New Patterns to Knit and Crochet."

TOWN'S Garden Editor will be glad to give you information on subjects of garden interest and answer requests for information. He will also arrange to have catalogues sent you. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to TOWN, Garden Editor, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y.

TOWN'S Home Service Bureau comes to the aid of indoor garden growers with Home Service Booklet 103, "Making Plants and Flowers Grow Indoors." This thirty-two page booklet offers detailed information on the cultivation of many varieties of indoor plants. The price of this booklet is ten cents. It may be obtained from TOWN, Home Service Bureau, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y.

PLAN NOW FOR THANKSGIVING

THANKSGIVING DAY is practically upon us!

Plans for dinners, guest or family, should be in the making. Even family dinners on Thanksgiving Day are apt to ruffle the most accomplished cook, so if you really want to enjoy the Thanksgiving activities yourself, do your planning in advance so that you will have some leisure on that day—then there will be true thanks to offer.

Plans need not be elaborate or require a great deal of time, but there are so many things to do in the last hours before dinner that, if you can get everything out of the way that may be done the day before, you will have taken a great stride toward making the dinner a success and your day easier.

The biggest thing that must be taken care of is, of course, the turkey. It is the main dish, and upon its goodness will rest the success or failure of the meal.

Because not even the most skilled cooks can make a delectable dish out of an old and tough bird, great care must be taken in choosing the turkey.

A young turkey has smooth, soft skin without bruises or blotches. The skin on the neck of an older bird is rough and loose. Long hairs indicate age, whereas pin feathers are a characteristic of youth. Be sure that the skin on the legs and feet of the turkey is soft and smooth. As the bird grows older the claws become rough, and scales appear on the legs.

The best indicator of the youth of a bird is the breastbone. The end of the bone nearest the head should be quite pliable and in a young bird can be moved from side to side.

Remember, a bird with the black flesh is not a good bet, and you will do well to avoid it; also that the feet of a young turkey are black and those of an older bird, grayish. Do not allow the dealer to cut off the feet until big tendons have been drawn.

If you are planning a dinner for eight or ten, a 12 pound turkey will serve them most generously.

To clean the turkey, remove the pin feathers, gape and comb with warm water contain-



TRADITIONAL TURKEY IN NEW GARB

Holiday meals are built largely upon tradition, and hardly indeed is the little lady who attempts to depart from it. Smarter is she who does up the time-honored foods in a new way. The turkey shown above departs from the usual bird in garnish only. Instead of the usual over-worked hedge of parsley, great circles of pineapple, cooked slowly in butter and sugared with a little grated lemon rind and some of the pineapple syrup added, form the garnish. When simmered down, the slices take on a golden glaze. Topped with a spoonful of cranberry sauce, these slices will please every one.

ing a little baking soda. Salt the inside of the body and neck cavity, using $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt to each pound weight of bird. Never salt the outside of the bird, for it will blister and the salt will not penetrate. Rub the skin with unsalted fat or salad oil, then stuff the bird.

The turkey should be stuffed the day before the feast so that it will be ready to pop into the oven early in the morning.

Day-old bread should be used for stuffings, and should be tossed lightly together with a fork to avoid clumping. It should be stuffed lightly into the bird because it expands in roasting and will become hard in texture if packed too tightly. A rich stuffing helps to lacte the fowl. A thin layer of stuffing under the breast adds crispness and keeps the meat moist.

One of the most delightful

turkey stuffings is this one:

Take four cups of bread crumbs, add 6 browned pork sausages and 1 cup of sautéed mushrooms chopped, and season with butter and liquid as desired.

Another dressing that is universally used wherever fowl is eaten is oyster dressing:

Fry 1 large onion (minced) in 3 tablespoons butter until a delicate brown. Add 3 cups of soft bread crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, a few grains of pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$

teaspoon sage, 2 cups of chopped oysters and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup oyster liquid. Mix well.

And if your Thanksgiving dinner is to be one for heavy eaters, try serving escalloped oysters as a side dish. The praise will be as abundant as should be your festive fare.

Particularly seasonable and highly delicious is chestnut dressing made this way:

Force 3 cups of boiled French chestnuts through ricer, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream, season with salt and pepper, melt $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of butter, mix with 1 cup cracker crumbs. Combine mixtures.

The turkey should be roasted in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.), allowing 20 minutes for each pound. As the turkey browns turn it once in a while so that it will brown evenly on all sides. Baste turkey about every 15 minutes. If it browns too quickly, lay pieces of salt fat pork over the legs and the breast.

Roasted to a golden brown, the turkey, garnished in your favorite manner and set on the gleaming festive board, should be a masterpiece of cookery and win glowing words of praise from guests and members of family alike.

LEFT-OVER TURKEY PROVIDES MANY TEMPTING DISHES

THE TROUBLE with Thanksgiving is that terrible dreary let-down that comes the day after. But it is something that must be faced, and if you are having turkey you no doubt will have to serve it in some sort of left-over recipe.

Here are some left-over turkey recipes which will serve well in disposing of the last scraps of the bird without danger of nasal mauling creeping in to undermine the family appetite.

TURKEY POT PIE

Ingredients: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons quick cooking tapioca, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, dash of paprika, 2 cups cooked turkey cut in pieces, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk or turkey stock, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 8 unbaked baking powder biscuits rolled $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick.

Combine ingredients. Turn in to greased casserole; bake in hot oven (425 degrees F.) 25 minutes, stirring twice during first

10 minutes. Place biscuits on top of turkey mixture after it has baked 10 minutes; return to oven and bake 12 to 15 minutes longer, or until biscuits are browned. Serves 4.

TURKEY CROQUETTES

Ingredients: 3 tablespoons quick cooking tapioca, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons green pepper chopped, 2 tablespoons pimiento chopped, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup turkey stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked turkey chopped, sifted bread or cracker crumbs, 1 egg beaten with 3 tablespoons milk and dash of salt.

Combine tapioca, salt, paprika, green pepper, pimiento, milk and stock in top of double boiler. Place over rapidly boiling water, bring to scalding point (allow 3 to 5 minutes) and cook 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add turkey and mix thoroughly. Chill—mixture thickens as it cools. Shape into balls or cutlets. Roll in crumbs, dip in egg mix-

ture, then roll in crumbs. Fry in deep fat (350 degrees F.) 1 minute or until golden brown. Drain. Makes 8 croquettes.

TURKEY SOUFFLE

Ingredients: 5 tablespoons quick cooking tapioca, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon scraped onion, 1 cup milk, 1 cup turkey stock, 1 cup cooked turkey chopped, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 3 egg yolks beaten until thick and lemon colored, 3 egg whites stiffly beaten.

Combine dry ingredients, onion, milk and stock in top of double boiler. Place over rapidly boiling water, bring to scalding point (allow 3 to 5 minutes), cook 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add turkey, parsley, egg yolks. Fold in egg whites. Turn into greased baking dish. Place in pan of hot water; bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 60 to 65 minutes, or until firm. Serve at once with creamed peas. Serves 6.

PETER AND SUE

Continued From Page 4

walk side by side with our faces straight ahead. One of us would carry the upper part of your body, and the other one would carry your legs and feet. If you were as big as we, it would take three or four of us to carry you in comfort and safety."

"I'm glad I'm no bigger than I am, then."

"So are we," said his father. "Here's the car. Can you slide in on the front seat? Peter? No, no, don't try to stand up. Don't put your foot down at all."

"I forget," and Peter. "Look how swollen it is! Can't I play football tomorrow?"

The two men laughed. "Not tomorrow. There, does that feel all right? Thanks a lot, Mr. Neville. I don't know what I'd have done without your help."

As they drove away Peter called out, "I thank you, too. Tell the boys I'll be back with them soon. Say, Daddy, suppose you had been alone, how would you have gotten me into the car, anyhow? Would I have had to walk on my ankle?"

"If I'd been alone? Oh, no. I would have picked you up and carried you myself. You're not so very heavy."

"But," Peter persisted, "suppose I had been a big man—big as you are, I mean. You couldn't pick me up then, could you?"

"Yes, there is a way. It's called the 'fireman's carry.'"

"Fireman?" Peter repeated. "Is it the way firemen bring people down the ladders?"

"That's where it got its name, I guess," Dr. Stewart answered.

EVERY

MANY GIRLS cause they c markable tr their plain fe ous ones, wr their self-con happiness.

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TOWN WEEKLY MAGAZINE SECTION

15

EVERY GIRL CAN ACQUIRE POISE AND SMOOTHNESS

by

JACQUELINE HUNT

MANY GIRLS, discouraged because they cannot find some remarkable trick for changing their plain features into glamorous ones, write to me telling of their self-consciousness and unhappiness. Instead of being clear-headed and practical about the situation, they go on and on chasing rainbows without nearing their goal.

Every girl and woman wants to be smart, sophisticated or lovely—or all three. But often she loses out because she strives for something that is unattainable instead of taking the precious advantages she has and using them wisely.

You cannot change your features much and you cannot change the bony frame of your body. You must accept these facts at the beginning. If you are naturally plain looking you

cannot become a beauty by artifice or by putting on lovely clothes, but you can be poised and pleasant to look at.

There is one quality that every girl can have if she is willing to work for it—smoothness. And it is this quality more than any other that makes her appear smart, sure of herself, and in the end gives her an enduring charm that is not dependent upon good looks or the amount of money she can afford to spend on grooming or wardrobe.

Smoothness begins with your make-up, your figure and your choice of clothes. It means eliminating all the frills and unessentials. It means taking the

time to see that your make-up is perfectly blended; no harsh edges to your rouge, no smudged lipstick or eye make-up, no powder smeared hastily over a dry or soiled skin.

Smoothness isn't something you can put on for special occasions. It becomes a part of you. It takes health, character and intelligence to acquire it in the first place, but once you have it, it isn't difficult to keep.

Train yourself never to be content with a careless, half-way job. This is not always easy, especially if you are a busy homemaker or business girl. But the job becomes easier with discipline and practice. Begin with your skin and make-up at once because here you will get the quickest, most tangible results.

To start with, you must realize that there is no magic preparation that will clear your skin of sallowness or blemishes overnight. You must stick to a system. You must drink plenty of water, eat properly, exercise. Good pore cleansers, acne lotions and stimulating masks will help, but your best friends are soap and water used twice a day.

When your complexion begins to take on that smooth look, you can make your skin bloom with youth and life. Here is the trick for a smooth makeup. Get the habit of using a foundation cream or lotion. Apply fresh make-up over a clean fresh skin and a foundation.



ANOTHER SWEATER DESIGN

Here is a soft sweater for young things that is easily hand-knit of cuddly germentown zephyr. Knit in an all-over pattern with a horizontal line. It is extremely feminine and youthful. The demure Peter Pan collar, the snug waistband, and the cuffs are done in alternate vertical stripes of moss stitch and ribbing. If you would like instructions for making this sweater, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to TOLL N. Fashion Editor, and request Knitwear Design No. 1162.

TOWN PATTERNS



Pattern 9604. "JABOT" FROCK to delight the matron who would stay young and slender. Note the three flattering sleeve styles. Designed for sizes 36 to 50. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 9864. CAPTIVATING JUMPER FROCK that has its own bolero and may vary its blouses. Designed for sizes 12 to 20. Size 16 skirt and bolero require 2½ yards 54-inch fabric; blouse, 1½ yards 36-inch fabric. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 9767. SLIP AND PANTIE SET that will please you and make a nice Christmas gift. Designed for sizes 16 to 20 and 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric. Price 15 cents.

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SEND FOR your copy of our Pattern Book of Fall and Winter Fashions. You'll be pleased with the many charming patterns it offers. Clothes for school, college and coming home parties gift suggestions—street, afternoon and evening wear sports togs, slenderizing modes, house frocks and lingerie. Fully illustrated, this book interprets the latest trends in fabrics and fashions. Price of this book is 15 cents; book and a pattern together, 25 cents.

ADDRESS orders to TOWN, Pattern Department, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y. Be sure to include pattern size and number.

EVENING DRESSES WORN WITH UNRELATED JACKETS

by

ELEANOR GUNN

THE SUDDEN and insistent demand for clothes for the far-flung activities of winter has us all in a dither. There are town affairs for which one should be prepared, and isn't, and all manner of hurry calls for clothes for an occasion. It's fun if you can find what you must have, but fierce if you can't.

As I keep emphasizing, it's the separate units that make the smartest whole costume. Evening dresses are worn with unrelated jackets or coats, and while some like their wraps long, the newest are short. One must lool bundled-up, long-above-the-waist, or else have a very slender basque, skin tight look.

You should not register surprise on seeing tweed for evening; you have had sufficient warnings about it and you will not, I am sure, be surprised at meeting up with elaborately embroidered wool dresses.

One of the most striking wool embroidered dresses is embroidered with paillettes in a leafy design, green on black usually, but one may have it in other colors. Molyneux, just to be different, decided to elaborate tweed with mirrors—just an old Pattern custom.

Sleeves are dining out everywhere, and the high cut bodice is as good now as it ever was. With dinner dresses there are all sorts of devastating little hats designed to cover one eye and sticking on no one knows how. Such hats are for restaurant wear only. For dinner in a private home one chooses coiffure ornaments of some sort—plaques of flowers, bows and such like. Some are saucerish, fla. affairs; others take the form of perky bows or wings in flight; nearly all are glittering.

There has been a noticeable lack of interest in waistlines as to whether they were on their way up or down, and a remark-

it may be. Everything else is being upped, hant, hat, collar.

Among the better houses there is a concerted effort to give clothes that a new look and to spread each emblemment as are difficult to reproduce in so-called "house." With a new another way of using that practically every frock, coat and ensemble developed with a new through some kind of hand worked ornamentation. There are innumerable examples of fabric applique and embroidery with particular favor for the introduction of velvets and woolsens.

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Volume XLIV

FARM BUREAU RECORD

The highest membership in close of annual reported by the ations in the Richard C. D. leader in the M vice.

Eight count increase over the annual meeting three of these have member their final figure closed.

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BERLIN YO NEAR SHEL

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The young Irving Leigh Gilead. He Dec. 25, 1920 the Angel Berlin High parents, he t thers, Oscar alsters, Lea Isabella.

CUMMINGS-

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